

SPECIAL 50TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE
(SORT OF) THE DETAILS P.1

THE BRITISH OPEN

JORDAN SPIETH
NO SLAM,
STILL AMAZING

BY MICHAEL BAMBERGER / P. 24

Sports Illustrated

JULY 27, 2015
SI.COM / @SINOW

**ONE MAN
IS AN
ISLAND**

NEW YORK'S
DARRELLE REVIS

IS BACK ON BROADWAY

BY GREG BISHOP / P. 52



Here's to finding
everything left off the map.



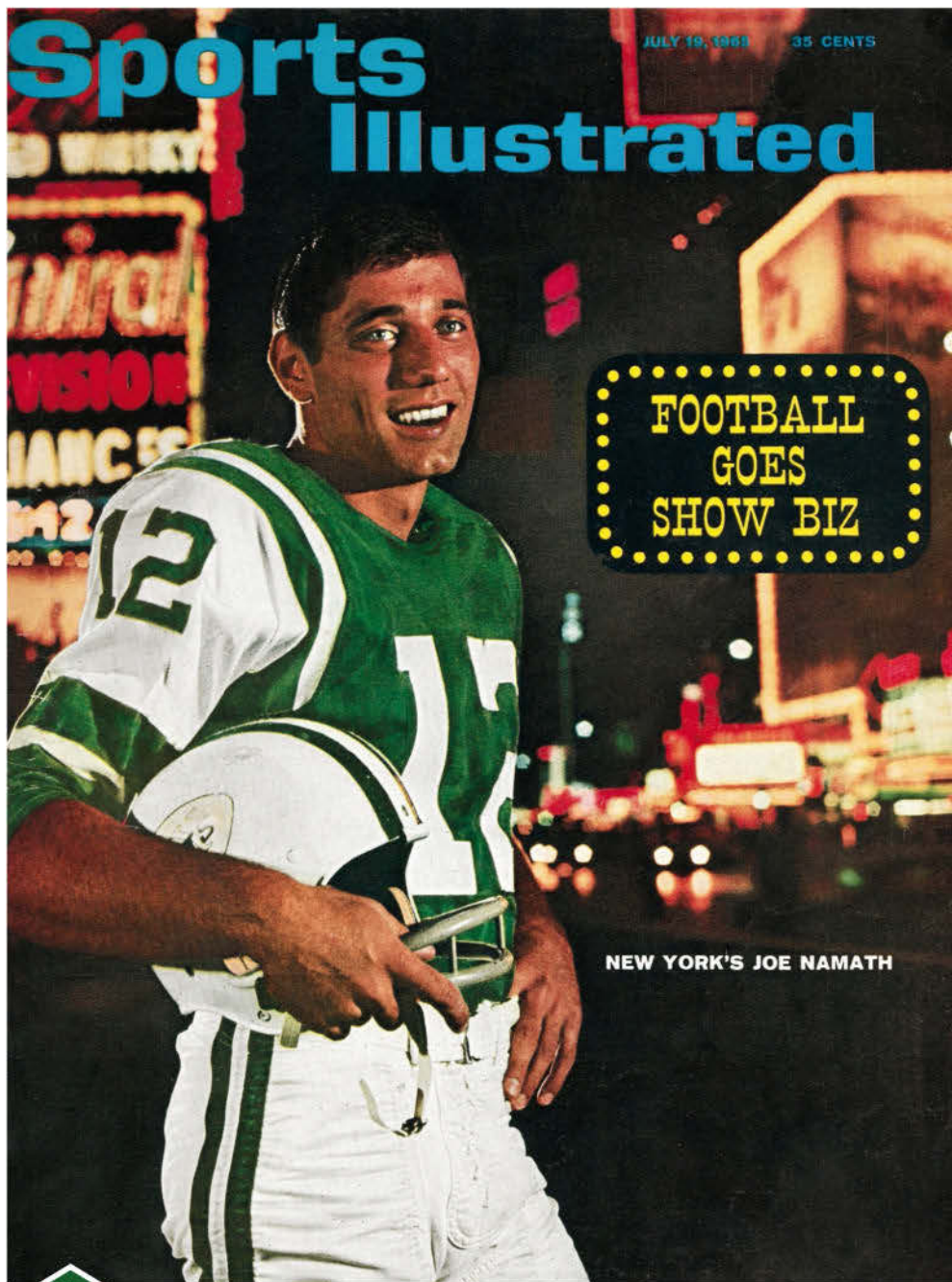
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All eyes were on Jordan Spieth, but another grinder stole the spotlight

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It's back to the lab
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LIKE OLD TIMES (SQUARE)

SI's iconic Broadway Joe Namath cover that Revis re-created for this issue came out 50 years ago this month. One more throwback surprise on p. 52.

On the cover:

Gregory Heisler for
Sports Illustrated

This page:

James Drake for
Sports Illustrated



■ SPENCER HAYWOOD

The ABA and NBA veteran recounts his days in both leagues and his successful antitrust lawsuit against the NBA, allowing underclassmen to be eligible for the draft.

MAGGIE GRAY: *When you were battling in court for the right to [leave college and] turn pro, did you think it would take the shape that it has?*

SPENCER HAYWOOD: The ABA allowed me to play that first year [after I left the University of Detroit at the end of my sophomore year], making an exemption, and then all of the players started coming out. Julius Erving,

George Gervin, Moses Malone, all of those guys were coming into the ABA, not the NBA. Sam Schuman, the owner of the Seattle SuperSonics, said, "Well, if we don't fight for these guys to play, we are going to lose this case." And so the fight just went on and on. It was sold to the public that [leaving college early] would be the downfall of college basketball. It would be the downfall of

"One night we played the Bulls, and their whole team walked off the floor."

—Spencer Haywood

professional basketball because you would have a lot of unskilled players coming in, you would have an influx of black athletes coming in. So there was just a lot of stuff going on. That fight took a complete year. [After I joined the Sonics in 1970] I was thrown out of several arenas. When I would walk on the floor, they would make an announcement: "Ladies and gentlemen, we have an illegal player on the floor, number 24, and he must be escorted off the grounds."

MG: *That's so dramatic. I can't imagine what that would be like.*

SH: It was horrible. I was 20 years old. One night we played the Bulls, and their whole team walked off the floor because their owners didn't want me to set sight on their players. □

*For more of Haywood's interview, plus the SI Now archive, go to **SI.com/sinow***

TUNE IN



▶ **EPISODE: JULY 13**

Can the success of the women's soccer team grow the game in the United States?



▶ **EPISODE: JULY 14**

Diamondbacks outfielder David Peralta discusses his long road back after injuries.



▶ **EPISODE: JULY 15**

Bengals cornerback Dre Kirkpatrick says that playoff losses are on the team, not QB Andy Dalton.



▶ **EPISODE: JULY 16**

Tom Verducci discusses whether Clayton Kershaw can pitch his way to another Cy Young.

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Tour de Force

BY MARK BECHTEL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
AL TIELEMANS
FOR SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

■ On June 24—one week after nine African-American people were killed in a racially motivated shooting in a Charleston, S.C., church—a group of teens from Philadelphia disembarked from a 68-year-old bus and filed into the 16th Street Baptist Church in Birmingham, where in 1963 a Ku Klux Klan bomb killed four African-American girls. They listened as Rev. Arthur Price Jr., a black South Philly native like many of them, related the church's history. They heard Doug Jones, a former U.S. attorney who successfully prosecuted two Klansmen nearly four decades after the bombing, explain how if the teens had been in a protest across the street from the church in 1963, they'd have been met with dogs and spray from fire hoses. And half ►





The Monarchs walked the bridge in Selma, met with home run hero Henry Aaron in Atlanta, got dusty on the diamond, adjusted to life on the road and swapped tips with Max Scherzer—the day before the Nats' ace would toss a no-hitter.



Leading Off



2 of 3

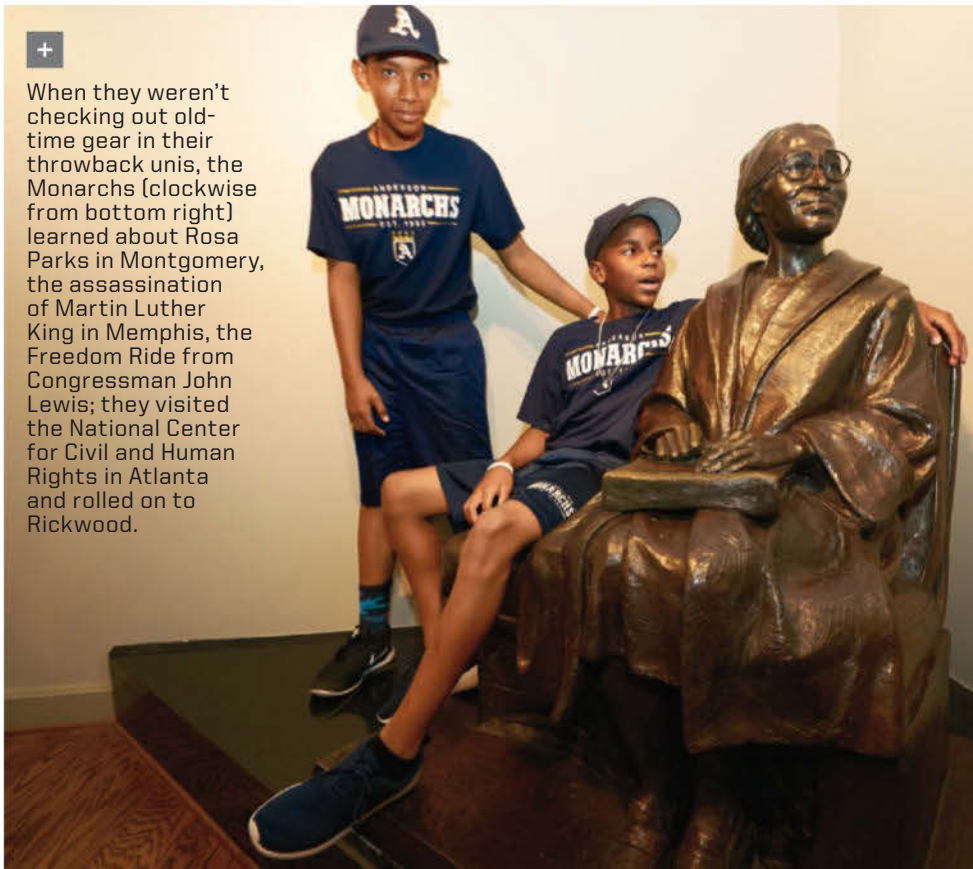
of them raised their hands as Lisa McNair, the sister of the youngest girl killed 52 years ago, asked if any of the kids were 14, the age of three of the victims. “They left the Earth when they were 14 years old,” McNair said. “What are you going to do with *your* life?”

A few hours later, the kids went and played a baseball game at Rickwood Field, the oldest ballpark in America. Such is life on the road with the Anderson Monarchs.

The team—named for the Marian Anderson Rec Center, which it calls home, and the Negro leagues’ Kansas City Monarchs—spent 23 days this summer barnstorming across the South and the East. They tend to fare well on the diamond: Last year seven Monarchs, including Mo’ne Davis, were on the Taney Dragons All-Star team that made it to the Little League World Series.

But baseball is only a small part of the Monarchs’ mission. Their coach, 54-year-old ▶





When they weren't checking out old-time gear in their throwback unis, the Monarchs (clockwise from bottom right) learned about Rosa Parks in Montgomery, the assassination of Martin Luther King in Memphis, the Freedom Ride from Congressman John Lewis; they visited the National Center for Civil and Human Rights in Atlanta and rolled on to Rickwood.



Leading Off

+

3 of 3

Steve Bandura, is zealous when it comes to teaching the kids about the civil rights movement. Bandura, an employee of the Philadelphia parks department, founded the Jackie Robinson T-ball league in South Philly in 1993. Two years later he formed a travel team, the Monarchs. They play year-round—baseball, basketball and soccer—growing and learning together. This year's tour is Bandura's fourth and included stops at multiple civil rights landmarks.

The kids went in wide-eyed but hardly uninformed. For six months before the tour, Bandura prepped them, showing them films, including *Roots*, and leading discussions on Friday nights at the rec center. When they departed, it was on a 1947 Flixbus with no AC and no electronics allowed. Why 1947? That was the year Jackie Robinson broke the color line.





+

A year after her Little League breakout, Davis (11) showed she can still fire it from 60' 6" on a sometimes exhausting, always exhilarating tour that took the teens to iconic spots of the civil rights movement, including Little Rock Central High.



Sports Illustrated
P R E S E N T S

FALL IS COMING ON SALE NOW



COUT'S TAKE
On Every
Team's Offense

EXPERT ANALYSIS
Of Every
Draftable Player

SLEEPERS
And Busts You
Should Bypass



GRONK
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tight end



PETERSON
Prediction: a
strong return



GORDON
Surefire rookie
of the year



BRYANT
Definitely
a catch



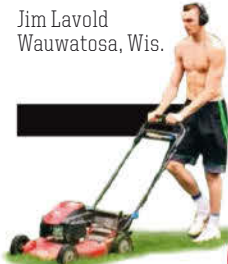
MO
Fo



COVER

Your **Brett Favre** cover brought a tear to my eye. I couldn't help but think of all the years Green Bay fans had to endure horrible Packers teams, until Favre arrived and lifted the Pack out of the abyss.

Jim Lavold
Wauwatosa, Wis.



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SCORECARD

Since when is it a Sign of the Apocalypse for a responsible son such as **Sam Dekker** to chip in and help take care of the family lawn? I just hope I can get my successful sons to still do the same after showing them this picture.

Kerry Walsh
Clinton, Ind.

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It was quite disheartening to read that, given all of **Cheryl Miller's** success on the court, she was not really considered for any other coaching jobs before Langston University—particularly at her alma mater, USC.

Andrea Johnson
Jonesboro, Ga.



After reading your **Where Are They Now** story on **Jose Canseco**, I once again wondered why he is the one being blackballed for exposing the truth about steroids, while other acknowledged users are being given second chances.

Ernest Rodriguez, Nashville

Marlin Briscoe was not the first black quarterback to start a pro football game in the modern era. That honor belongs to Bernie Custis, who, after being drafted by the Browns in 1951, signed with the Hamilton Tiger-Cats in the Interprovincial Rugby Football Union (which would become the CFL) and was a starter in every game at QB during his first season with the team.

Doug Allsebrook, Brampton, Ont.



I loved Alexander Wolff's update on **Kareem Abdul-Jabbar**. I have always wondered why Michael Jordan was called the best ever to play the game when, in almost every NBA statistical category, Kareem either equals or exceeds him. Plus Kareem's college career was miles ahead of Jordan's.

Wayne Siverson, Buffalo



In light of Tom Brady and the Patriots' Deflategate controversy, I couldn't help but notice the irony in your picture of **Brett Favre** leaning on his dock with what appears to be a partially deflated football. Does anyone use a fully inflated ball these days?

David Iacobucci
Flower Mound, Texas

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SCORECARD

Hit Movie

Antoine Fuqua talks about his new film, *Southpaw*, playing college hoops, rooting for the Lions and why there aren't more great football movies

FUQUA, 49, HAS directed 20 features, including *Training Day*, for which Denzel Washington won the 2001 Best Actor Oscar. He took a few minutes from the set of his new movie, a remake of *The Magnificent Seven*, to talk about *Southpaw*, which opens on Friday.

You have an athletic background, including boxing. Is that still part of your life?

I've played sports my whole life. Growing up in Pittsburgh, I played hoops

and got a scholarship to play at West Virginia State. My uncle was a football coach in the youth league, so I started when I was six and played all the way through high school. There was a boxing program at the Y in the Hill District that I took part in. I was always training and hanging around gyms. Pittsburgh has a rich tradition of boxing, and we did everything from slap boxing on the corners to stepping in the ring. Today, I box every day as part of my exercise.

You played for only two years in college. What happened?

My interests changed. I loved playing sports, but I fell in love with making art. Me and the coach had some friction, too, so I lost my appetite to play. I wish I had continued playing, but when you're young, and you think you're the best, you want to just charge ahead. When you get to a college environment you might have to be more about discipline or leadership or control, but when you're in it you don't see that.



LeBron: Small Forward, Power Thespian

THE HISTORY OF athletes in movies is lengthy and checkered at best. Enter, in a cloud of chalk dust, LeBron James, who makes his big-screen debut in *Trainwreck*, a romantic comedy written by, and starring, Amy Schumer. James plays wingman to Bill Hader's sports surgeon, Aaron Connors, providing love advice as Connors pursues the titular wreck, men's magazine writer Amy Townsend, played by Schumer.

Schumer has said she wrote James's name into the script because he was the only basketball player she knew. That proved to be a slam dunk. In an actual all-star cast—Amar'e Stoudemire, Tony Romo and Chris Evert make cameos as Hader's patients and WWE champion John Cena plays one of Schumer's previous suitors—James shines.

The four-time NBA MVP plays a cheapskate version of himself, making his



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Mustard

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Dan Patrick
Doc Rivers

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Faces in the
Crowd

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The Media
Circus

You were a point guard, so is directing more like being a point guard or a coach?

Closer to a coach. There are different personalities and skill sets, some stronger in some things and some in others. Certain people are going to stand out—LeBron will stand out, Denzel will stand out—but you have to make everyone feel like they're on an equal level. There's usually around 300 people on a set and it's a team, and my job is to see all the skills and abilities that everyone has, utilize those properly and give everyone the chance to be the best he can be.

How did your background play into Southpaw?

The biggest thing I was hoping to say is that as an athlete you're all about winning, you're filled with fire and venom and confidence. But as you get older and slower, you've got to find another way. It's not just physical but mental, and you have to think more.



You have to grow up as a man and a person because [immaturity] will affect your life.

When I started boxing I was a tough guy, so they put me in the ring with this soft-spoken featherweight, and I thought, *I'm gonna tear his head off*. He knocked me out. The trainer was teaching me that I could fight in the street, but I wasn't a boxer. This was a game of skill and a mental challenge. It was very humbling. And most boxers have a humbleness, deep down, because when you get

in that world and see how vulnerable you can be—one punch in the right spot on the jaw can get anyone—you know the risk. You see that there's a science to it. For me, boxing is a metaphor for life and for what I do. Making a movie takes a year and a half. You gotta pace yourself, find a rhythm, find the angles, understand the personalities. The only way to win is by knowing what you're doing and putting it to work in a positive and precise way.

In Southpaw, Billy Hope, played by Jake Gyllenhaal (above), struggles to balance his life in the ring and out, which we see more and more with athletes. Did that play into your approach?

That's why I wanted to do this movie. Life is a fight. Every day these guys put their game face on, they get up at 5 a.m., and they're pushing and training and hitting the weights and they're rewarded for being aggressive and being alpha

and developing those instincts. Then they go home, and they're a husband and a dad, and they have to behave differently. In the real world being aggressive, acting on those instincts, can get you in a tight spot. In this movie, this guy is thrust into the role of being a parent, but if you didn't put the time into learning how to be parent, into developing that side of yourself because you were dedicated to this other endeavor, it's a harrowing journey. Win or lose, the real fight is outside the ring.

This is your first sports movie. Have you avoided them on purpose or was it a matter of opportunity?

I always wanted to do one. A few years ago I developed a movie about the Steelers, about how sports help communities, but I didn't get to make it. I love Pittsburgh, and Steelers fans will get mad at me, but I can't help wanting to see the Lions win something,

ANGELA WEISS/WIREIMAGE/GETTY IMAGES (PUQUA); SCOTT GARFIELD/THE WEINSTEIN COMPANY (GYLLENHAAL); WARY CYBULSKI/UNIVERSAL PICTURES/EVERETT COLLECTION (GRUMER)



first appearance in a scene in which he drives 30 minutes to retrieve a pair of sunglasses he left in Conners's office. "Couldn't you just buy another pair?" Hader asks.

"I'm not giving Sunglass Hut another thirty dollars," he replies indignantly.

The trope works, along with "LeBron's" affinity for *Downton Abbey*, boosterism for the city of Cleveland, bromantic protective instincts (to Schumer: "Do you see his face when you look in the clouds? Do you hear his name in the wind?") and basketball analogies for love (to Hader: "You have to penetrate her defenses").

James's physical comedy is fun to watch, too. When he and Hader play one-on-one, James earns laughs just by showing up—the contrast between his 6' 8" frame and Hader's comparatively puny 6' 1" is comedy gold. As Hader struggles mightily to drive to the basket, James swats his shot like a pesky mosquito.

"He's proven that he is the master of all crafts—basketball, acting, comedy," said director Judd Apatow. "He does what he does better than us, and he does what *we* do better than us."

—Alexandra Fenwick

to help the city. When you put a winning team in a struggling place, people get a shot of positive. When *Southpaw* came along I was excited, because it's not really about sports, which is when sports movies are great. They're more about life outside the ring.

Why have there been so few great football movies?

People make them more about the game than the people. Look at the Gale Sayers movie [*Brian's Song*]*—*it was not about a game but about the relationship between two friends. The first *Rocky* was more about a guy, a bum who wanted his life to mean something, to make it to the end standing.

Who do you root for now?

I'll never not root for the Steelers, but, yeah, I would like to see the Detroit teams win. I like Golden State. My son, Brando, he's 10, he hipped me to Steph Curry. He knew they would be champs. That was fun. □

VIDEO REVIEW



Rory McIlroy replaced Tiger Woods on the cover of EA's golf game this season (now titled *Rory McIlroy PGA Tour*). Two weeks before the game's release McIlroy suffered a season-ending ankle ligament tear playing soccer. McIlroy is not the first victim of the EA cover jinx, a phenomenon SI knows something about. *—Sam Page*

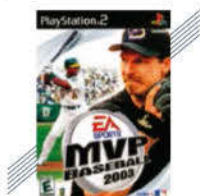
MADDEN NFL 2004 Cover subject Michael Vick of the Falcons was virtually unstoppable in this version of the game, the most dominant sports video-game character of all time. The real Vick was, however, eminently stoppable. Five days after the game's release, in '03, he broke his leg in a preseason game, missing six weeks.



FIFA 11 Brazilian soccer star Kaka was the subject of two press releases on Aug. 5, 2010: one, from Electronic Arts, announced that the midfielder would appear on the box of *FIFA 11*; the other, from Real Madrid, announced that the team's star player had undergone knee surgery. He would miss nearly five months.



NBA LIVE 2002 Chosen as the box art for the game's eighth edition, Rockets point guard Steve Francis missed 25 games in '01-02 due to plantar fasciitis and symptoms related to Ménière's disease, which included migraines and hearing loss. It wasn't all bad, though—after the 28-win season Houston won the draft lottery and picked franchise center Yao Ming.



MVP BASEBALL 2003 Curses! The Diamondbacks' reigning NL Cy Young winner, Randy Johnson, and the A's reigning AL MVP, Miguel Tejada, shared the cover. Johnson was hurt (knee) for much of the season and went 6-8 with a 4.26 ERA (a year after going 24-5 with a 2.32 ERA), and Tejada hit .278, a 30-point drop from the previous season.



Bloody Confused

Chuck Culpepper

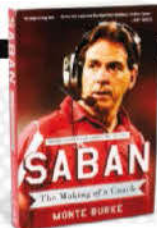
A sportswriter burns out, moves across the pond, adopts footie and lets loose his inner hooligan. Overwrought but not without charm. #kickit



The Domino Diaries

Brin-Jonathan Butler

Gripping—if eyebrow-raising—memoir explores Cuban boxing, including a chat with Teófilo Stevenson and a tryst with Castro's granddaughter. #?!



Saban

Monte Burke

Insider, detailed and absorbing. Come for the chapter titled "Why Can't He Be Happy" and stay for the one called "Miami Vice." #system



Twelve Yards

Ben Lyttleton

Everything you never knew you wanted to know about penalty kicks, although the drama doesn't quite hold for all 313 pages. #diehards



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REVIEWS**



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GO FIGURE

1,609

Games between rainouts at Angel Stadium in Anaheim before Sunday's postponement with the Red Sox. That same day, the Padres had their first rainout in San Diego after 820 games.

18.1%

Increase, through Sunday, in average attendance for the National Women's Soccer League since the U.S. won the Women's World Cup on July 5. In that time the nine-team league has had four sellouts in five games.

214-36

Combined score of the U.S.'s four wins in the International Federation of American Football championships. The U.S. beat France 82-0 in the semifinals and Japan 59-12 in Saturday's gold medal game.

43²/₃

Consecutive scoreless innings pitched through Sunday by Zack Greinke, the most since Orel Hershisier's record 59 straight in 1988. Greinke, who like Hershisier in '88 pitches for the Dodgers, has made six scoreless starts in a row and last gave up a run on June 13.

Dis Connections

Updating the social profiles of a few prominent sports figures



in Mark Cuban

SHARK

Has a new connection, [Peter Benchley](#)

Connect

Send Mark Inmail



in Colin Cowherd

JESTER

Added a skill, [parachuting](#)

Connect

Send Colin Inmail



in Serena

CYBORG

Made a purchase, [women's tennis](#)

Connect

Send Serena Inmail



in A-Rod

SURVIVOR

Watched [The Living Dead](#)

Connect

Send A-Rod Inmail

THEY SAID IT

"I THOUGHT WE HAD A GOOD RELATIONSHIP."

Mike Moustakas

Royals third baseman on his manager, Ned Yost, using him to pinch-hit against Reds closer Aroldis Chapman in the All-Star Game.

SIGN OF THE APOCALYPSE

Paralympic powerlifter Hussein Juboori, 33, of Iraq was suspended for four years for a doping violation.





JUST MY TYPE

→ Interview by **DAN PATRICK**

DAN PATRICK: *You guys have added a lot of players. It's been busy.*

DOC RIVERS: It's really killing my golf game.

DP: *When you're playing golf, do you turn your phone off?*

DR: Yes.

DP: *Have you ever kept it on?*

DR: Yeah, I've done that before for sure.

DP: *Did you keep it on during the DeAndre Jordan situation?*

DR: I was not golfing. It's tough to golf when you're inside a guy's house with the chair against the door.

DP: *Summarize how that all went down.*

DR: It was kind of comical, with the emoji war and then with [Mavericks forward] Chandler Parsons and [Clippers guard] J.J. Redick going back and forth. That's what made it look so strange. But the bottom line is, it started out with DJ's agent [Dan Fegan] informing us that he was going somewhere else. Obviously when you're a coach and you have a relationship with a player. . . . That rocked me. You look at that decision and you can't understand why. Then I started getting word that DJ was having second thoughts. He and I finally connected, and he said, "I want to come back. I just want to sit



DOC RIVERS

SNARE JORDAN

The Clippers' coach and president of basketball operations had a key mission this off-season: re-sign DeAndre Jordan. When L.A.'s center wavered on his verbal deal with the Mavericks, Doc made a house call.

down with everybody and talk it out." When we got there [to Jordan's home in Houston], the decision had been made that he wanted to come back. We had a great team talk. Other coaches said I created the greatest team-building exercise in the middle of the summer they've ever seen.

DP: *That is true.*

DR: I don't think people understand how hard it was with the way we lost [to the Rockets in the playoffs, blowing a 3-1 lead in the series]. From a coaching standpoint I was thinking it would take through training camp to exorcise those demons. The fact that we could go through it now and talk about it allows us to move forward.

DP: *At any point did you think Jordan was gone?*

DR: Right when his agent told me. For 24 hours I thought we had lost DJ, and it was a bad feeling. But when I started hearing he was thinking about coming back, I was very confident that he would. He's never been recruited in his life. All that stuff [they tell you during recruitment] sounds great—the smoke and mirrors, how they're going to play you. When he started thinking about it, he looked at our team and thought, "My goodness, I'm in a great place. Why would I ever give that up?" It was substance. I hate saying *come back* because he never left. O.K., I sound like John Calipari trying to sell something [*laughs*]. □

GUEST SHOTS SAY WHAT?



U.S. women's national team

forward **Abby Wambach** admitted she isn't easy to be around during a match. "People have actually moved away from me on the bench," Wambach said. "I am kind of an obnoxious person. Have you ever seen me play soccer? I'm obnoxious on the field [as well]." . . . Hall of



Famer **Johnny Bench**

said the reception Pete Rose got at the All-Star Game is consolation for not getting into Cooperstown: "If you're a Hall of Famer in all these fans' minds, that goes a long way for him." . . . Even as he gets set for his HOF



induction, **John Smoltz**

told me that he ranks behind Braves teammates Greg Maddux and Tom Glavine as a pitcher. "They were the true professional pitchers, the guys who could carve up a lineup," Smoltz said. "They're the best I've ever seen at making people look stupid."



INNOVATION

Shoe In

■ When Matthew Walzer

was 16, he still needed help tying his shoes because of his cerebral palsy. So in 2012 he wrote a letter to Nike CEO Mark Parker asking for a sneaker he could manage on his own. Walzer (*above, right*) never imagined his request would become a reality, but last week the shoe he helped inspire hit stores. Nike had been working on a sneaker for athletes with disabilities after the company's first employee, Jeff Johnson, had a stroke in '04 and lost the use of his right hand. With Walzer's feedback, designer Tobie Hatfield (*left*) developed the LeBron Zoom Soldier VIII FlyEase, which has a wraparound zipper that opens in the back. "I felt this wave of independence," says Walzer, now a sophomore at Florida Gulf Coast. "I never got to experience [that] before." —A.F.

**Kate Hall** | *Casco, Maine* | *Track and Field*

Kate, a homeschooled high school graduate, long-jumped 22' 5" at the New Balance National High School Invitational in Greensboro, N.C., to break the oldest high school girls' field record. The previous mark of 22' 3" was set 39 years ago. Her jump was also a junior national record. Kate, who has Type 1 diabetes, will compete at Iowa State.

**Michael McCormack** | *Williamstown, Mass.* | *Lacrosse*

Michael, a recent Mount Greylock High grad, scored 96 goals and had 90 assists for a total of 186 points this season, finishing as the state's all-time leading scorer, with 611 points. He is only the nation's fourth player to break the 600 mark. Michael, who also holds Massachusetts records for career goals [362] and assists [249], will play for Middlebury.

**Toni Polk** | *Niagara Falls, N.Y.* | *Softball*

Toni, a shortstop and recent graduate of Niagara Falls High, batted .532 with 12 RBIs and 16 runs scored this season. The Gatorade player of the year for New York, she was twice named all-state. Toni was also captain of the volleyball and basketball teams and earned all-league honors in both sports. She will play softball at Penn State.

FACES IN THE CROWD

Edited By ALEXANDRA FENWICK

**Wayne Selden Jr.** | *Roxbury, Mass.* | *Basketball*

Selden, a 6' 5" rising junior guard at Kansas, led all scorers with 22 points to lift the U.S. to an 84-77 come-from-behind, double-overtime win over Germany at the World University Games final in Gwangju, Korea. With 1:02 left in the second OT, he hit a trey for a 78-77 lead. Selden averaged 9.4 points for the Jayhawks in 2014-15.

**Chloé Dygert** | *Brownsburg, Ind.* | *Cycling*

Chloé, a recent Brownsburg Senior High grad who races for Twenty16 Pro Cycling, took the age 17-18 junior national titles in the road race [2:14:05] and the time trial [27:37.90] in Truckee, Calif. A former basketball player, she won the 15-16 age group criterium title in 2013, six weeks after taking up cycling while recovering from shoulder surgery.

**Ben Kniceley** | *Shelby, N.C.* | *Timbersports*

Kniceley, a recent graduate of Haywood Community College in Clyde, N.C., won the Stihl collegiate championship in New York City's Central Park. He won the standing block chop and underhand chop and was second in the stock saw and single buck chop. His victory earned him a spot on the international rookie team at worlds and a berth in the Stihl Pro Series.

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Media Circus Call Again

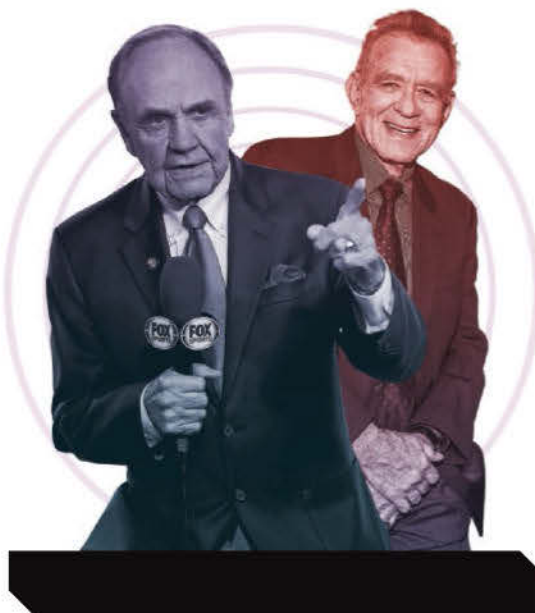
BY RICHARD DEITSCH

ONE LOCAL WRITER

described it as Meryl Streep headlining an off-Broadway musical. After calling NFL games for 42 years, as well as 26 Wimbledons, 23 French Opens, 14 NCAA men's basketball championships, 10 Super Bowls, nine Rose Bowls, four Olympic Games and plenty of other events for CBS, ESPN and NBC, Dick Enberg jumped at the chance in late 2009 to take a job as the lead television voice of his hometown San Diego Padres. "To be the announcer where you live is a very special opportunity," says Enberg, now 80.

Supporters of the St. Louis Cardinals and the Michigan Wolverines are also enjoying the professional autumn for two well-known broadcasters. Tim McCarver called a record 24 World Series for CBS, Fox and ABC through 2013 before taking on a part-time role in April '14 on Fox Sports Midwest's Cardinals broadcasts. And later that fall former Michigan All-America Dan Dierdorf returned to his alma mater to be the lead radio analyst for Wolverines football games after working for 28 years as an NFL analyst for ABC and CBS.

Having a broadcaster with national bona fides in a local market, even in the twilight of his or her career, gives a broadcast a big-game feel. Enberg says there is as much pressure calling Padres games for the local Fox Sports affiliate as national games, partly



because he sees his audience walking around town. "Part of my job now is to promote what is on the front of that uniform—San Diego," says Enberg (*left*), who has lived there since 1983. "We have a great city, and in the course of a broadcast I can not only report the game but also talk about charities or the opera."

"It's the adventurer leaving his cave, working and learning, and then retreating to his cave," says McCarver (*right*) of coming back to a local market. "I'm still the same broadcaster—just a lot more experienced and a lot better than I was back in 1980 when I started doing it."

McCarver, who says he never intended to retire after leaving his national gig, is scheduled to do 40 games in 2015—the Cardinals let him make his schedule—including 22 road games. Enberg calls 130 to 135 games per season and gets to pick his days off. "The most

Even in the twilight of his career, a broadcaster with big-game bona fides can give a local game a national feel.

dramatic difference is that as a network broadcaster, you go into a game with no bias and you try to be diligent in terms of offering equal commentary for both sides," says Enberg. "As long as you did your work well, you did not care who won or lost, whereas for a local announcer it is quite different. You care whether your team wins, and you carry those wins and losses seriously."

So do your bosses. In 2010, Enberg's first year with the Padres, Dodgers outfielder Matt Kemp made a diving catch late in the game, prompting Enberg to exclaim, "What a catch!" He soon found himself sitting with management.

"They said, 'We are getting calls from our audience saying you cared too much about how the Dodgers beat the Padres, like you almost wanted them to win.' I said, 'That's ridiculous.' They said, 'Maybe you should not have as much emotion when the other team does well.' I said, 'That's baseball. That's the way I was taught.' So they said, 'Well, let's put it this way: When the Padres hit a home run, why don't you use your call, *Touch 'em all!* And when the other team hits a home run, just say they hit a home run or use another piece of vernacular.' I said, 'O.K., I can do that.'"

McCarver, a native of Memphis, is nevertheless enjoying a homecoming too. He made his major league debut with the Cardinals in 1959 and played 12 of his 21 seasons with St. Louis.

"I started my career with the Cardinals, and now I'm going to end with the Cardinals," says McCarver. "It's truly a wonderful thing." □

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**Let's
Go
Places**

DOWN TO THE LAST

After hitting his tee shot left on the 72nd hole, Spieth was unable to make a birdie that would have put him in the four-hole playoff.

Photograph by
Bob Martin
For Sports Illustrated

THE OPEN					
HOLES	WIND	PLAYER	SCORE	PAR	PUTTS
72	WIND	JOHNSON, J.	273		
71	WIND	LOHMEYER	273		
72	WIND	OGUTSAROV			
71	WIND	OWY	71		
71	WIND	SMITH			
72	WIND	HEDRIDGE, H.	373		
72	WIND	DARWIN	373		
72	WIND	HOGAN	373		
72	WIND	WILLET	373		

Brushwit

JORDAN SPIETH
FELL JUST SHORT
IN HIS BID TO WIN
A THIRD STRAIGHT
MAJOR, AS HARSH
WEATHER AT
ST. ANDREWS, A
DENSE PACK OF
CONTENDERS AND
A MONDAY FINISH
CREATED THE
PERFECT CRUCIBLE
FOR ANOTHER
GOLFER ALSO WITH
THE GRIT OF HOGAN

**BY MICHAEL
BAMBERGER**



h History

2:25 p.m.

M

MONDAY AFTERNOON in St. Andrews was all promise. The golden arms on the clock high on the Royal and Ancient clubhouse wall, right behind the 1st tee, were making their silent, inexorable drop in the direction of half past the hour. Jordan Spieth—21-year-old golf professional and sui generis personality, for his extreme maturity, intelligence and golfing skill—was on the green up ahead. What would the rest of the afternoon on the Old Course bring? Would Spieth become the second man in the history of the game to win the Masters, the U.S. Open and the British Open in the same year, joining Ben Hogan, who achieved the triple in 1953?

That, of course, was not the question Spieth was asking himself. He was, as yoga instructors like to say, *in the moment*. The Texan was considering the spitting sky, the rising wind, the pale green grass below his white shoes. He was making lightning-fast computations that defy language about how hard to hit his opening 15-foot birdie putt, through a water stain that looked like the ring left by a leaky tea cup on a pinewood table. If it dropped, he would be tied for the lead with his playing partner, Jason Day, as well as the two smallish men standing about 360 yards away, almost under that grand clock.

All four—and a half-dozen other front-liners—were playing for keeps. Paul Dunne, a 22-year-old Dubliner and recent Alabama-Birmingham graduate, was on the 1st tee, seeking to become the first amateur to win the British Open since Bobby Jones in 1930. Jones did it wearing wool knickers, a baggy sweater and a tie. Dunne was wearing tight, stretchy Under Armour pants and shirt, with a matching cap. He could have pinched the entire uniform off Spieth. The two youths share basic characteristics—look-elsewhere duds, tannish hair and tannish skin, heavy thighs and open, trusting faces. Dunne was asked last week if he was ever mistaken for Spieth. “Every day,” he said.

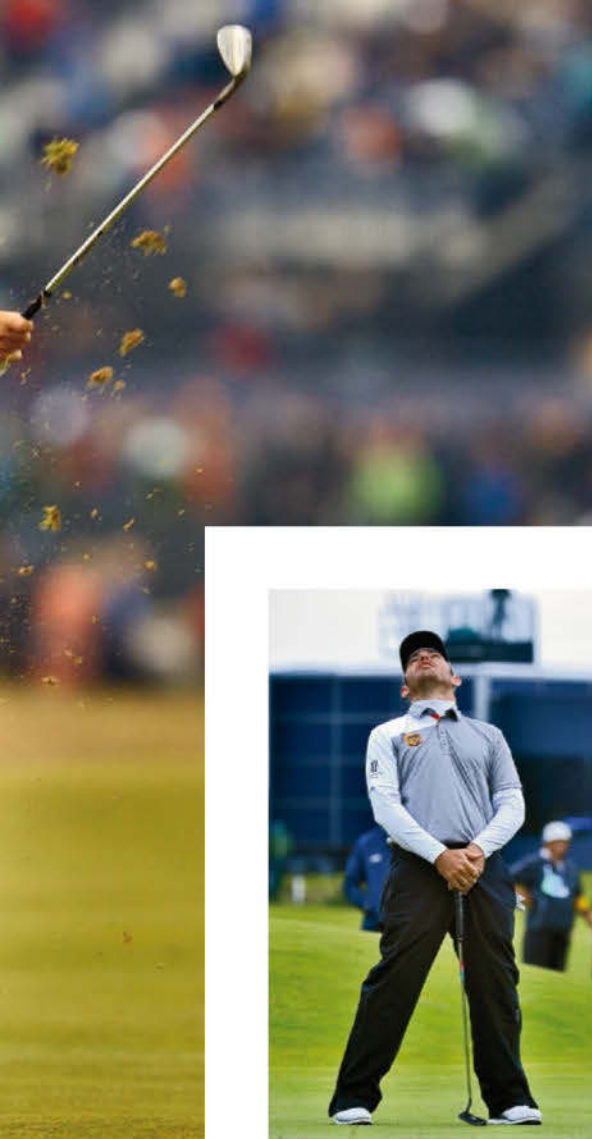
The diminutive player alongside Dunne was Louis Oosthuizen, who grew up on a dairy farm in Albertinia, South Africa, and now lives in a sparkly, gated golf community off I-95 in Palm Beach Gardens, Fla. The last time the Open was played at St. Andrews, in 2010, Louie Louie—play the enduring



bass line in your head, if you like—won by seven shots. The Open visits St. Andrews every half-decade or so, and Tiger Woods won the Open on the Old Course in 2000, by eight shots, and in 2005, by five (POINT AFTER). Winning on it requires a peculiar combination of power, finesse, guile—and luck. The best golfers are lucky, as 65-year-old Tom Watson, making his Open swan song, implied last week. A second win on the Old Course would put Oosthuizen in the golfing pantheon. Try this on, just for size: King Louie.

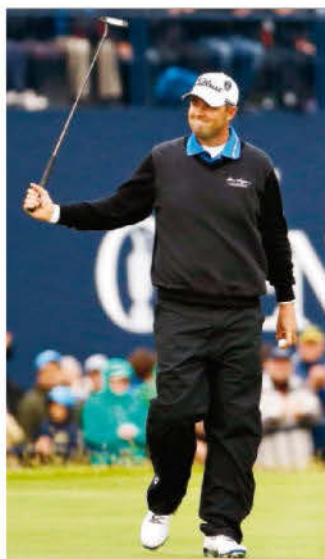
Oosthuizen was at 12 under par, sharing that fine number with Dunne and Day, an Australian who lives in his wife's hometown of Westerville, Ohio. Last month, at the U.S. Open at the wildly steep Chambers Bay Golf Course, Day collapsed on the final hole of his second round, overcome by vertigo, later diagnosed as being caused by an ear infection. Spieth, one of his playing partners, pushed back the prying cameras. All four of those 1st-hole golfers on Monday afternoon, half-two approaching, were playing for the same thing, although Day was the only one to capture it in a single word: *immortality*.

THOMAS LOVELOCK FOR SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (JOHNSON, SPIETH)



GRIND GAME

While Spieth (far left) came up a shot shy, Johnson (left) and his impeccable iron play vanquished Oosthuizen (below left) and Leishman.



That's what you get if you win on the Old Course, a rumpled sliver of sullen wasteland where the game as we know it first took form.

The 144th Open finished on Monday because the Friday play was suspended by rain and the Saturday action was halted by wind. It wasn't until Saturday night that two rounds were in the books. Day and Oosthuizen played those opening rounds with Woods himself. Woods recalled for Day his winner's processions down the 18th fairway and to the home green, at the intersection of two crowded, public streets, Golf Place and a lane called The Links. "It's the greatest walk in golf," Woods told Day. They're buddies, which means that Woods regularly sends texts to Day.

"Yeah," Day responded to Woods, recounting the conversation for reporters. "It's easy when you have a seven-shot lead."

On Monday evening nobody would be approaching the 18th green with a seven-shot lead. Too many players, too tightly packed.

The Old Course, truly public, is a loop. It begins in town, heads straight out along a brackish bay

BRITISH OPEN

for seven holes, makes a wide, irregular horseshoe turn over the next four holes, then runs straight back into town from 12 to the short, quirky par-4 finale. The course is loaded with personality and charm, and every hole has a name. The last is called Tom Morris, for the man who maintained it for nearly 40 years as the 19th century turned into modern times. The greatness of the Old Course is bound to its simplicity and its ties to the game's sandy, windblown past. You march out and find your way home. You experience this and that along the way. You'll never play a course that promotes more storytelling. That's why St. Andrews has so many bars.

On the tee, from South Africa, LOUIS OOSTHUIZEN.

Jordan Spieth took one last look at the cup on the 1st green.

5:40 p.m.

THEY MAKE you play all 72 holes. What 60 minutes is to the NFL and what 27 outs is to major league baseball, 72 holes is to professional golf. It can grind on you, the requirement to play all 72 holes, which is why the game's greatest and most enduring players—Hogan, Nicklaus, Woods; Jordan Spieth may someday join the list—had or have grind-it-out personalities. They often have a particular, exacting type of intelligence too, with OCD tendencies. By five o'clock, Oosthuizen and Dunne were through the 11th, and all the contenders were playing through the cross breeze of the homeward seven. Guys barking at their airborne shots—Spieth,

Sergio García, even mild-mannered Zach Johnson and Adam Scott—found their commands scattered by the moist wind. Some of the players went for mittens the size of boxing gloves between shots. It wasn't that cold and it wasn't that wet—it was just dank. No surprise to see mitts on García, a thin-blooded Spaniard who lives in Orlando. But how do you explain them on Zach Johnson, native son of Cedar Rapids, Iowa?

Can you imagine Zach Johnson with Dustin Johnson's talent? Or

Dustin Johnson, unrelated to the 2007 Masters champion, with Zach Johnson's every-shot-counts personality? Through 36 holes D. Johnson had a one-shot lead, and there was a chance he could erase the pain of his three-putt finish when he was in position to win last month's U.S. Open, much as Phil Mickelson did in 2013, when he didn't win at Merion but did the next month at Muirfield. But Dustin shot 75-75 in rounds three and four at St. Andrews, while Zach grinded it out for 72 holes. He holed a sliding bomb on the last to shoot a closing 66 and to post 15 under par, which made him, at 5:40 p.m., the leader in the clubhouse. Four golfers were in position to catch or beat him: Spieth, Oosthuizen, Day and another Australian, Marc Leishman. The target number was there: 15 under par. Golf, in the end, is a math problem, among the other problems it presents. The intersection of Golf Place and The Links was jam-packed with fans who wanted to see the final act.

7:58 p.m.

ON A gorgeous summer night in Scotland, dusk lasts for hours and you can play until 10. But Monday was dank from start to finish, and when Spieth was on number 17, the Road Hole, in the six o'clock hour, dusk had already enveloped the ancient links. Monday's promise was holding on for dear life, if your hope was to see another triple crown, 62 years after Hogan first put it on.

The 17th is 495 yards, and its owner-operators, the gents at the St. Andrews Links Trust, continue to call it a par-4. Call it whatever you want, the fact is Spieth came to the penultimate hole, as others have before him, needing a four.

Spieth had made that 15-foot birdie putt on the 1st, which meant the game was fully on. He was tied for the lead and chasing Hogan's ghost.

Then came the adventures. He birdied the 5th and the 6th. He was hanging around and talking to his ball and twisting his body and slapping his thigh and staring holes in his yardage book. His double bogey on the par-3 8th would have undone a less resilient player, but Spieth, with his cool head, has what the old baseball scouts call *bouncebackability*. Birdies at 9 and 10.

DOUBLE MAJOR

At 39, Johnson has now conquered two of golf's most fabled courses, adding the claret jug to the green jacket he won at Augusta in 2007.



Four golfers could catch or beat Johnson. The target number was there: 15 under par. **Golf, in the end, is a math problem.**

Now he was chasing, improvising, "freewheeling," as he and his caddie, Michael Greller, call it.

After a birdie at 16, Spieth stood on the tee at the Road Hole tied with Z. Johnson and Leishman. The wind had peaked, and it was hurting, and Spieth did not have the firepower to reach the green in two. His bogey five meant he needed a birdie three on the last, on Tom Morris. He aimed for the clubhouse clock and made the walk Tiger had described to Day. In the bleachers beyond the green, the Scots stood for the man looking for a third straight major.

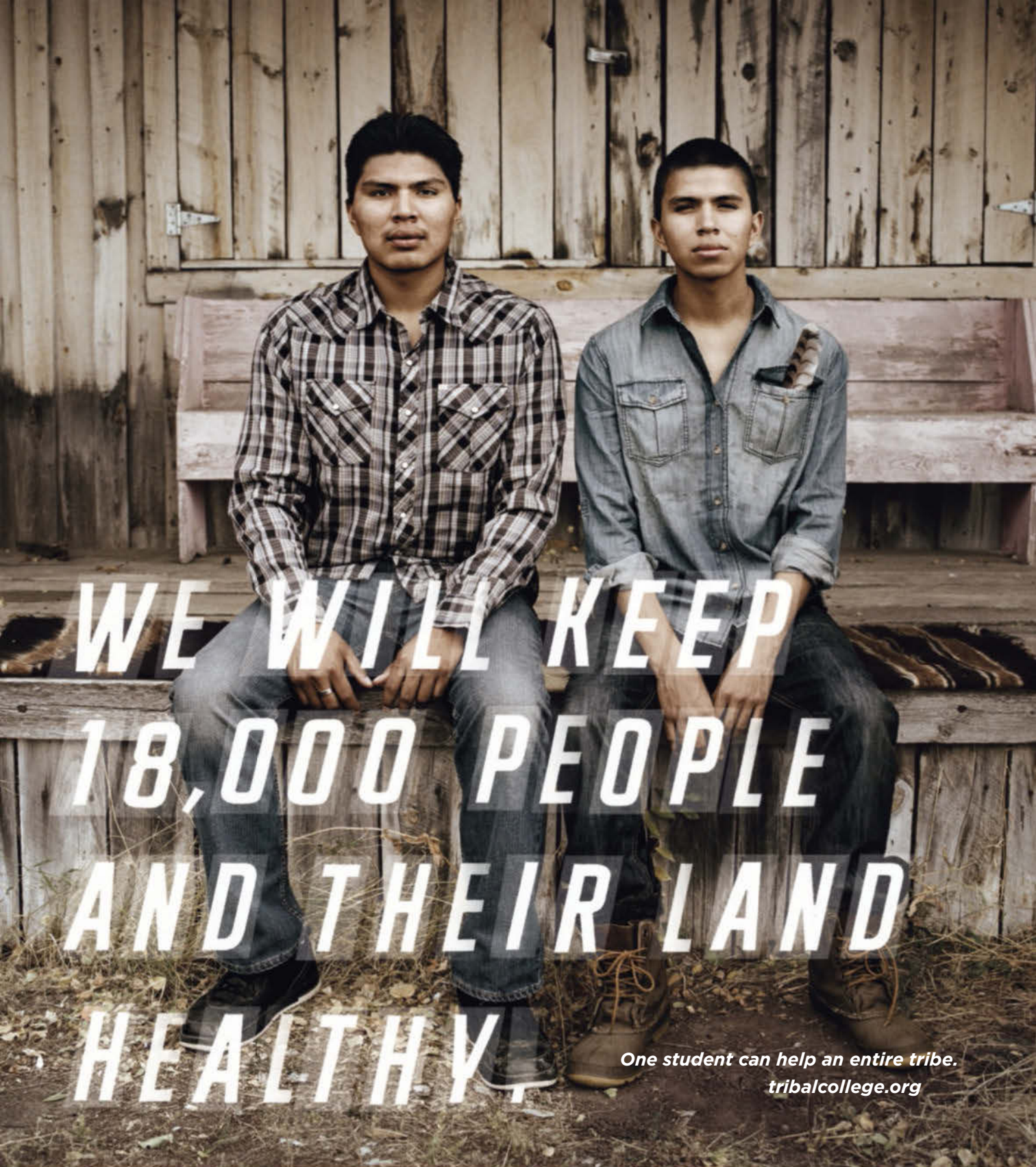
It sees all, that clubhouse clock, including Spieth's four on the last. He was one shot short of the playoff. For a moment he lowered the brim of his baseball cap, and suddenly his cheeks seemed more red. He walked hastily off the repurposed mass burial ground. The slow-burn dance of lost chance.

What an effort. He had red-eyed to Scotland a week earlier, hours after winning the John Deere Classic in Silvis, Ill., and finished a shot out of a playoff in the game's oldest and grandest championship, and at its oldest and grandest venue.

Oosthuizen did what Spieth did not. He made a three on the last, thereby making the playoff a three-man affair. (Day missed the playoff as well, after his birdie putt at the last came up a couple of turns short; Dunne limped home with a 78 and finished 30th.) The extra innings were played over four iconic holes, aggregate score: the 1st and the 2nd going out, the Road Hole and Tom Morris playing in. From a second-floor window above the Tom Morris Golf Shop, a white-haired woman named Sheila Walker watched the threesome walk to the green her great-great-grandfather, Tom Morris himself, built with his hands.

Johnson won. Who saw that coming? He used all 72 holes, plus the extra four, which he played in one under, one better than Oosthuizen and three better than Leishman. Johnson is a battler and a grinder—like Spieth, like Hogan—who had finished a shot out of the playoff that Spieth won at the John Deere.

It was a couple of minutes before eight in St. Andrews, according to the big clock, when Spieth came down the stone steps of the clubhouse to the 18th green and gave Johnson a congratulatory handshake and hug. But you could tell he was burning inside. Hogan would have loved that. Grit ran in his blood, and he could smell it on others. He'd see himself in Jordan Spieth—and in Zach Johnson too. □



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BLUE S



V-JAY DAY

Halfway through the season, the trade that brought Donaldson to Toronto for Brett Lawrie and prospects is looking like highway robbery for the Jays.

A large background image showing a baseball bat in the upper left and a catcher in a Toronto Blue Jays uniform in the lower right. The catcher is wearing a blue and orange uniform with "TORONTO BLUE JAYS" on the sleeve. He is in a crouched position, ready to catch a ball. The background is a blurred baseball field.

TREAK

BASEBALL

Only in MLB can the terms nut and rat be considered high compliments. Toronto third baseman Josh Donaldson is also a geek, a perfectionist, an ornery s.o.b.—and one of the most complete players in the game

BY ALBERT CHEN

Photograph by
Tim Clayton
For Sports Illustrated

I

IN 1952, Topps manufactured its first full set of baseball cards. The inaugural edition sold well enough that the company produced a second line, for release at the end of the season. That set bombed. Unopened boxes of unsold cards were held in the Topps warehouse for nearly a decade before being loaded onto a barge and dumped into the Atlantic Ocean, settling to the bottom like sunken treasure.

"This card is part of that set," says Josh Donaldson, tapping on an image of a 1952 Mickey Mantle Topps card on an iPad screen. "Between [the card company] getting rid of them, and kids putting them in bicycle spokes and that kind of thing, there aren't very many left."

At a Toronto coffeehouse around the corner from his apartment, Donaldson has been telling the legend of the lost '52 Mantles, now some of the most valuable cards in the world. The Blue Jays' 29-year-old third baseman, who this season has been the best player on the planet this side of Bryce Harper and set a new all-time record for fan votes when he was elected to the All-Star Game, is obsessed with sports cards and memorabilia. Back home in Mobile, Donaldson has thousands of cards, many kept in a safe, including several vintage Mantles. He recently spent a few grand on the complete Topps sets from 1972 through '79. The collecting began

THROW DOWN

By most defensive metrics, including UZR and Defensive Runs Saved, Donaldson is the best third baseman in the stacked AL since the start of last season.

when he was a boy; his mom once drove him six hours to Atlanta for outfielder David Justice's autograph. (Young Josh waited near the Braves' parking lot after the game only to watch Justice zoom by in his car.) Even now Donaldson remains a signature-seeking fanboy: Prominently displayed in his den is a framed Miguel Cabrera jersey, signed by the Tigers' star before a game last year.

As for Donaldson's autograph, no one is lining up for it this afternoon. Sure, in his long-sleeve T-shirt, workout pants and backward camo baseball cap, he is, in his words, "just another average white guy, if you walk by me on the street." But Donaldson, in his first season in Toronto after six in the A's organization, has been the best player on the team—he has, in fact, been one of the best players this year in the entire American League. And still he can walk in and out of this café, just blocks from the Rogers Centre, un-



"In terms of the intimidation factor, you ask around the league and I guarantee this guy is in the top five," says Gallego.

noticed. Not even the dude wearing a Jays hat does a double take.

"The card I want is the '51 Mantle," the 6-foot, 220-pound Donaldson is saying over the lunchtime bustle, when he's asked what he'd add to his collection if he weren't also the most underpaid player in baseball (an MLB minimum \$500,000 last year; awarded

\$4.3 million in arbitration this season). "That's his rookie card, and depending on the condition, it can be over a million dollars. It's funny, memorabilia now is on another level—the cards are way better than when I was growing up. But I miss how the older-minted cards felt: the dingy feel, the clean look, the color popping out of the uniforms."



This Donaldson—the geek who in a card store turns as giddy as a 15-year-old at a One Direction concert—may be hard to reconcile with his in-game persona: a profanity-spewing, home-run-admiring, ornery s.o.b. In May, Donaldson was caught on camera in the Jays' dugout fire-bombing the Angels with obscenities after some harmless in-game tensions

BRACE HEARNE/GAM/MINNESOTA TWINS/GETTY IMAGES (TOP); WILL VRAGOVIC/TAMPA BAY TIMES/TAS/LANDOV (BOTTOM)

boiled over. “In terms of the intimidation factor, you ask around the league and I guarantee this guy is in the top five,” says Oakland third base coach Mike Gallego. “There were some guys on his own team who didn’t love him. He’s going to find a way to beat the other team, and if you weren’t on board, he didn’t have time for you.”

Those who know Donaldson, though, will tell you that it all fits together—the win-at-all-costs hothead, the stickler obsessed with his craft and the nerd with a wealth of obscure baseball tales. “He just eats, breathes, sleeps and dreams baseball,” says his friend and former A’s teammate Jonny Gomes. “He’s a nut, and a rat, all rolled into one.”

IT’S HARD to think of a more dramatic reversal of baseball fortune recently: Three years ago Josh Donaldson was a fringe catching prospect, and now he’s on the cusp of superstardom. His origin story takes place in spring 2012 on a hot morning in A’s training camp in Mesa, Ariz. Donaldson—drafted as a catcher five years earlier by the Cubs in the first round and acquired by the A’s as a throw-in player in the ’08 trade that sent pitcher Rich Harden to Chicago—is clustered with the other backstops on a remote field. The third basemen are nearby, fielding bunts, and starter Scott Sizemore, charging one, gets his spikes caught in the grass and tears his ACL. Donaldson, who appeared at third sporadically in the minors, looks up at manager Bob Melvin, who gives him a nod. Donaldson takes off his gear, begins taking grounders at third and never dons the tools of ignorance again.

It’s true: If Sizemore hadn’t gotten hurt, there’s no telling where Donaldson would be now. But what gets lost in the story is that Donaldson, who still needed to outperform the other third basemen in camp, had worked all off-season to be ready for that opportunity. He had gone to the Dominican Republic for winter ball, and told the manager there that

Third Wheels

The Orioles’ Manny Machado is a natural at the hot corner. But is it his arm? His feet? His head?

BY EMMA SPAN

AT 6’ 3”, 185 pounds, third baseman Manny Machado is not small—if he were, he would likely still be a shortstop—but in the field he is quick, loose and rangy. He can play deeper than most third basemen because of his speed and rifle arm. He sometimes seems to be in motion before the pitch has even been hit, as if he and the ball had made plans

to meet up. And he turned 23 on July 6. “Every once in a while,” says Orioles manager Buck Showalter, “I’ll mention an actor or a singer or someone, and he’ll give me this look, and I go, Right, he has no idea who Frank Sinatra is.”

Opinions vary on what makes Machado a great defensive third baseman. Showalter cites his timing and speed. Third base coach Bobby Dickerson first says it’s Machado’s hand-eye coordination, then decides it’s footwork.

“His accuracy is what amazes me,” says centerfielder Adam Jones.

“His ability to throw on the run,” says shortstop J.J. Hardy.

“At all different angles,” says Jones.

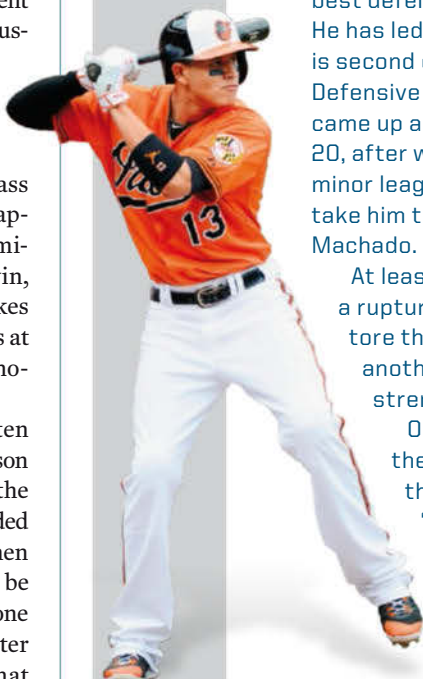
“Yeah, all angles,” nods Hardy. “That’s what’s crazy.”

“It’s all about vision,” Machado himself says.

His offense—.300/.367/.531 with 20 home runs—can feel like an afterthought because Machado has been the AL’s best defensive third baseman since debuting in 2012. He has led all third basemen in Ultimate Zone Rating and is second only to Colorado’s Nolan Arenado (*page 34*) in Defensive Runs Saved. All the more impressive, Machado came up as a shortstop and arrived in the majors at age 20, after weeks of practice at third base but only two minor league games at the position. So how long did it take him to get comfortable there? “It’s still tough,” says Machado. “There are plays that are difficult.”

At least he’s healthy: His 2013 season was cut short by a ruptured ligament in his left knee, and last August he tore the same ligament but in his right knee, requiring another operation. How does it feel to be back at full strength? “I still don’t feel like myself,” he says.

Oh. Well then. As Machado comes into his own, the next few years promise to be a lot of fun for the Orioles. “He’s the type of guy,” says Showalter, “when you’re trying to decide whether you’re going to the game, you know he’s probably gonna do something at third base, even on a routine play, that as a fan and a student of the game you’re gonna go, Wow. That was worth going to see. And I have a great seat.”



The Hot Cornerstone

The magical Nolan Arenado embraced defense only after his transition from shortstop

BY JOAN NIESEN

There have been many hundreds of ground balls, 76 double plays, countless dives and twists and heaves. Over 2½ seasons Walt Weiss has been left slack-jawed and bug-eyed, incredulous and confused about how what he's just seen could have occurred within the laws of physics.

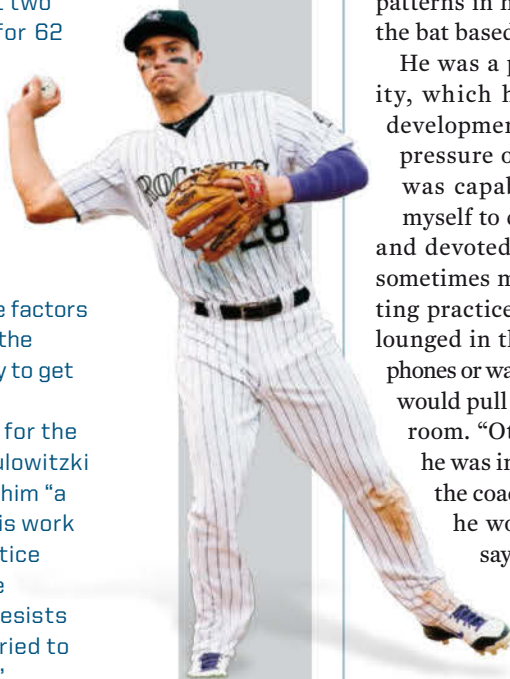
But for all the defensive magic Nolan Arenado has

spun, the play his manager wants to discuss actually cost his team a run. It was May 2013 in Houston, one month into the third baseman's big league career. With Astros on second and third and one out, the opposing hitter chopped a ball to Arenado's left. Arenado fielded it, but instead of spinning toward first base, he fired home. "There really was very little chance of him making the play," Weiss recalls. "And he didn't make the play. For me, even though there was no out . . . that spoke volumes, because he was a rookie and had the courage to try to pull that play off as opposed to just throwing to first."

In that moment Weiss knew Arenado was worthy of every ounce of hype Weiss had heard about his arm—and his eyes, and his brain. Since that day, Arenado has gone on to become only the fifth player in MLB history (after Frank Malzone, Johnny Bench, Charles Johnson and Ichiro Suzuki) to win back-to-back Gold Gloves in his first two seasons. Over that time he's been responsible for 62 Defensive Runs Saved above average, but the stats don't capture the visceral experience of watching Arenado; in a game that's been criticized for being too slow, he is a sinewy blur.

In high school, where Arenado played shortstop, he was uninterested in defense. But when the Rockies took him with the 59th pick of the 2009 draft and moved him to third, he began to see the beauty of fielding, of reacting to almost imperceptible factors and studying batters' tendencies to place himself on the right patch—nay, blade—of grass for every swing. "I try to get myself in the right spot all the time," Arenado says.

The Rockies' locker room is effusive in its praise for the third baseman. Five-time All-Star shortstop Troy Tulowitzki says he's in awe of Arenado's fearlessness, calling him "a superstar." Utility infielder Daniel Descalso lauds his work ethic, the thousands of grounders he fields in practice every week. Arenado has a chance to be among the best-fielding third basemen of all time, though he resists comparisons. "My style's different," he says. "If I tried to be [anyone else], I probably wouldn't be that good."



he wanted to develop his skills at third.

"I've always needed to try to find ways to separate myself," Donaldson explains. "As someone who wasn't the biggest and the strongest, I've always thought that I had to outwork everyone else." When he was 12, he would hit into an eight-foot-by-eight-foot net in his backyard, taking 300 hacks righthanded, and 300 hacks lefthanded. At Faith Academy he would play in a football game—he was a star cornerback—and afterward meet his baseball coach to get some work in. When he'd go through hitting slumps at Auburn, he'd have his girlfriend feed a pitching machine for him during weekends.

In Oakland, while Donaldson was adjusting to third base, "We had to literally take him off the field and say, 'Let's try again tomorrow,' and he'd be upset because he didn't get it right," says Gallego. "His first-step quickness was unbelievable, his eyesight was supernatural, [and] his range would increase every single day." All those years as a catcher—knowing how to block balls in the dirt and get to his feet to throw—facilitated the transition. Still, Donaldson had to learn to read the first hop of grounders and to detect patterns in how balls would come off the bat based on the pitch.

He was a perfectionist. This quality, which he thinks hindered his development—"I just put too much pressure on myself to prove that I was capable, constantly fighting myself to do this thing that I loved and devoted my entire life to"—was sometimes misinterpreted. After batting practice, while most teammates lounged in the clubhouse using their phones or watching a movie, Donaldson would pull up a chair in the coaches' room. "Other players would think he was in there to brownnose with the coaches, and there's no doubt he would take some ribbing," says Gallego. "But he was just coming in to talk baseball. He's just the epitome of a baseball rat."

It was Donaldson's



bat that always undermined him, earning him a reputation as a minor league masher who struggled in the majors—what the industry calls a “4A” player. By 2012 he felt that, like a typecast actor, he was “getting very close to that point where I’d have a label and not ever be able to get rid of it.” Though he had hit .335 with a .402 on-base percentage in 234 minor league plate appearances that season, during his first 100 plate appearances in the majors he batted .153, struck out 26 times and walked once. One afternoon at Texas, early in ’12, he looked up at the starting lineups on the scoreboard and an .082 average next to his name. “[Giants pitcher] Barry Zito was hitting higher,” says Donaldson. “At that moment I felt like there wasn’t another player in baseball that was worse than me.” Donaldson was already 27, and he couldn’t help feeling that he was running out of time.

That summer in the big leagues Donaldson began watching video. For most major leaguers video has become essential, but in the minors access to

QUICK HITS

20.3

Donaldson’s Wins Above Replacement since 2013, second in the AL only to reigning MVP Trout’s 22.8.

67

Donaldson’s runs scored, third overall in the majors and three off Brian Dozier’s lead of 70 through Sunday.

22

Home runs for Donaldson, ninth in the majors (Harper, Trout and Giancarlo Stanton lead with 27 each) and fifth in the AL.

it is limited. In many ways Donaldson was able to see his swing for the first time, and it became clear the he was struggling with his “load process”—the timing move that gets a hitter from his stance to the swing position. A toe-tap, a small leg kick, a subtle shift of the front foot—Donaldson was always trying new techniques. While studying other swings, he locked onto the pronounced

leg kick of Jays slugger Jose Bautista and began to mimic the move. Everything changed: Suddenly Donaldson was balanced and ready when the ball entered the strike zone, with time to read the pitch. He began seeing the results during the summer, first in Sacramento and then after he was called up to Oakland for the stretch run. From mid-August on, his OPS was .844. He

never spent another day in the minors.

Within two years of making the switch from catcher to third base, Donaldson was one of the AL's best fielders at the position. (Last season he was one of three Gold Glove finalists, and no third baseman rated higher by advanced defensive metrics.) And within two years of being one of the worst hitters in the game, he had become one of its most valuable players: By measure of Baseball Reference's Wins Above Replacement, in 2013 and '14 only Mike Trout and Clayton Kershaw were worth more to their teams, and so far this season Donaldson ranks fourth in the AL in WAR.

IN FOOTBALL, if you get pissed off at someone, you can hit him on the next play," Donaldson says. "In baseball . . . well, there's no equivalent."

He's now getting at what has been his biggest challenge, in many ways harder than changing positions or learning to hit big league pitching. Back in high school even though he was a football star, he was realistic enough to see that he didn't have a future in the NFL. The "football mentality" is part of his DNA, however, and he thinks that was a problem early in his career, when he was trying to fit into a conservative sport with unwritten rules and a buttoned-up culture. As a prospect with the Cubs, Donaldson felt stifled in an organization that, at the time, restricted facial hair and had rules on how to wear socks, regulations that Donaldson calls "eyewash."

Really, he was a perfect fit with the A's, baseball's biggest frat house, home of shaggy-haired misfits and oddballs. Donaldson became a cult hero in the Bay Area, a loud, brash leader with a faux hawk punctuated by a gnarly rattail that snaked out from the bottom of his cap. For the first time, he says, "I was told, Be yourself. Take ownership of who you are. I'd been waiting to hear those words.

"What's weird is that standards are different for every organization in this game," he says. "For me, I like to have fun, without disrespecting the other team. You

Next Up

The second half of the MLB season has kicked off. Here's what to look for in the final months

BY JOE SHEEHAN

RED SOX RUSH

After a busy and expensive off-season, Boston was expected to win the AL East—despite a shaky rotation. Instead, the Sox allowed the third-most runs in the league in the first half, 376, as their weak pitching was "backed" by even weaker

defense. Also, not a single hitter significantly exceeded expectations, and a number of them—Mike Napoli, Pablo Sandoval, David Ortiz, every one of the team's catchers and rightfielders—slumped badly. The development of homegrown stars Mookie Betts and Xander Bogaerts was undercut by the failure of the team's veterans.

The Red Sox opened the second half in last place in the AL East, but eight games out of first—after being as far back as 10 games in June. They closed the first half by winning 14 of 22 as the offense averaged 5.3 runs per game, with Betts, Bogaerts, Ortiz and Hanley Ramirez putting up big numbers. A healthy Dustin Pedroia—returning from a hamstring injury—means Boston will be at full strength kicking off the second half. There's a big run coming for this team—it could score six runs a game for three weeks and go 15-4, upending the AL East.

Can the Sox pitch well enough? Well, they're already making some changes. Eduardo Rodriguez is in the rotation, and Brian Johnson just got called up, as the team taps its deep well of young arms. A front-of-the-rotation starter, the team's biggest need, might be found on the farm, but the Reds' Johnny Cueto or the Phillies' Cole Hamels would go a long way toward making the Sox the favorites again in a division in which no team will win 90 games.

YANKEES OLD-TIMERS' DAYS

Despite a lineup with just one every-day player under 31 (Didi Gregorius, who was hitting .236 through Sunday), the Yankees stayed surprisingly healthy in the first half to lead the AL East by four games. Alex Rodriguez's comeback got most of the attention, and rightly so, but the key was durability: Of the team's aging offensive core, only Jacoby Ellsbury and Carlos Beltran missed time to injury. That helped the Yankees to 409 first-half runs, second in the league to the Blue Jays' 486.

It's not impossible for the Yanks to stay healthy, but they just don't have the depth to survive a potential wave of injuries. There are prospects on the way, including rightfielder Aaron Judge, but none are ready. This season



There's a big run coming for the Red Sox. They could score six runs a game and go 15-4, upending the AL East.

SOX IT TO ME?

For all their struggles and poor pitching, Boston is still not out of reach of a wild-card spot.

Yankees under the age of 30 have combined to hit .241 with eight home runs in 501 at bats. Look for this team to slip toward .500 in the second half.

RED SENSE

As we get closer to the July 31 trade deadline, there is likely to be just enough separation among teams in the standings to create a good mix of buyers and sellers. The Padres dropped nine of 13 heading into the break. The Rangers lost eight of their last 10 to fall six out in the AL West as their makeshift pitching staff got exposed. There figures to be both a lot of talent available, and a lot of teams looking to make that one acquisition to turn a tight divisional race: No division leader had more than a 4½-game lead at the break.

The Reds could be the kings of the deadline. They held off on making big changes until after their All-Star celebration, but at 40-49 and 16½ games out in the NL Central, their 2015 season is over. In a division with some of the best-run organizations in the game, their short-term future is bleak. Cincinnati has plenty to move: No. 1 starter Johnny Cueto; the most dominant reliever in baseball, Aroldis Chapman; and Brandon Phillips, Jay Bruce and Mike Leake all figure to be available. GM Walt Jocketty can even look at

dealing Home Run Derby hero Todd Frazier, who at 29 is having the best year of his career (hitting .285 with 25 home runs). The trade deadline will be a big one, and the Reds will be at the center of the action.

WELL, METS?

The sad story in Queens may reach its denouement, as the Wilpon family refuses or is unable to run the Mets as a large-market franchise and that approach finally causes real damage to the team's playoff hopes. New York's player-development staff has built the most exciting young rotation in baseball, one that has pitched the team to within two games of the NL East lead. The Mets' Opening Day payroll, however, was just \$101 million—21st of the 30 teams in MLB—and they are the only large-market team in the bottom half. The money they *have* spent has largely been wasted—the six highest-paid Mets are earning a total of \$70 million and have produced a combined 2.6 Wins Above Replacement. The team, 14th in the NL in runs, desperately needs a big bat. Will the Wilpons break from recent form to add one, such as the Rockies' Troy Tulowitzki, even if it means taking on an onerous contract? A playoff trip, as well as the credibility of their ownership, could hinge on the answer to that question.

see younger guys getting [to the majors] earlier, and you're seeing more emotion in the game, and sometimes it doesn't go over well. I love it." Donaldson won't apologize for an outburst like the one against the Angels or for his penchant to linger a bit longer than some pitchers appreciate after a home run swat. "I can't ever change that—I'm just slow out of the box to begin with," he says, only somewhat convincingly.

He was at home in Mobile, playing video games, when his phone exploded with texts the night of last Nov. 28. The baseball world was stunned, but the deal (for third baseman Brett Lawrie and three prospects) that sent Donaldson to Toronto didn't come out of nowhere. The A's had begun trading away assets earlier in the off-season, and because of GM Billy Beane's history of unloading players in their prime for younger talent, Donaldson had suspected his time in Oakland would end with him seeing on Twitter that he'd been traded.

"You're seeing more emotion in the game, and sometimes it doesn't go over well," Donaldson says. "I love it."

Donaldson has chopped off his rat-tail. His vibe is not quite as renegade at the Rogers Centre, where, by contrast with Oakland's O.co Coliseum at which games feel like KISS concerts, nights in the temperature-controlled dome can resemble convention gatherings. But he has lost none of his edge, lending swagger to an offense—with himself, Bautista, Edwin Encarnacion and Russell Martin at the heart of the order—that's the highest scoring in baseball. He's still getting used to the

Rogers Centre's artificial turf, which can be unforgiving—"I just have to be more respectful toward my body," he says, noting that he's become more proactive with his physical therapy. But at the plate, he's gone from an extreme pitcher's park with swirling winds (by his count, he lost 15 home runs in Oakland last year) to one of the league's most hitter-friendly. Through Sunday he ranked in the top 10 in the majors in home runs (22) and RBIs (62). "Leaving Oakland, it was ahead of schedule in

Two irresistible flavors

I can't believe they're making a megastar like me do this.

Hey, I know those guys.





TOM SZCZEBROWSKI/
GETTY IMAGES

terms of what I was thinking,” he says, “but in the long run, the move is going to be better for my career.” He won’t be a free agent until 2019.

Donaldson glances at the time on his phone: There’s a game tonight, and he’ll

have to start his extensive pregame preparation soon. But he has time for one more card story. When he was in elementary school, he saved up three dollars in lunch money to buy the rookie card of his favorite player, Braves outfielder

BOMB SQUAD

Donaldson (tongue out) and a homer-happy offense helped keep the Jays at .500 despite a team ERA of 4.10.

Ron Gant. Donaldson showed up at the card store not far from his school, only to be told by the man behind the counter

that he was seven dollars short; after begging his mother for the difference, he returned and bought the card. He put it in Bubble Wrap. “It was my prized possession,” he says.

Not long ago he was on the field before a game in Seattle when he was called over by some fans in the stands. They had somehow heard the story of his now worn-out Gant card, and they had come to the ballpark to give him that same card—one in pristine, mint condition. Donaldson was grateful, and more than happy to give these kind strangers the simple thing they wanted in return: his autograph. □

under 200 calories.

I don't like the way people are looking at us.



I better be getting paid overtime for this.





SIBLING REVELRY

Myles leads his siblings when it comes to muscle, but Sean was a first-round NBA draft pick, and Brea has already claimed an NCAA title.

BABY BOOMER

Myles Garrett, Texas A&M's star sophomore defensive end, relies on the examples of his two older siblings—both negative and positive—as he charts a course toward opposing quarterbacks and, quite possibly, to the top of the 2017 NFL draft

BY PETE THAMEL

Photograph by
Andrew Hancock
For Sports Illustrated



WHEN MYLES GARRETT was at Arlington (Texas) Martin High, he was the No. 2 recruit in the country, and Alabama's Nick Saban, LSU's Les Miles and Texas A&M's Kevin Sumlin all showed up on the same day to watch him work out. He once had 8½ sacks in one game, and he blocked seven kicks in the first seven games his senior season, including one against South Grand Prairie High at the exact moment Sumlin landed next to the field in the Aggies' recruiting chopper (aka the Swagcopter). "It was so cool," Martin High coach Bob Wager says, "it was comical."

But Garrett's path to big-time football at A&M—where last year the 6' 5", 260-pound defensive end smashed Jadeveon Clowney's freshman SEC sack record and emerged as a potential No. 1 pick in the 2017 NFL draft—was as much about genetics as aeronautics. His mother, Audrey Garrett (née Johnson), was an All-America in the 60-meter hurdles at Hampton in 1982. His sister, Brea, 2½ years older, won Class 5A titles in the shot put and the 100 hurdles as a Martin High senior, then took the 2014 NCAA indoor championship in the weight throw as a junior at A&M. While Sumlin was recruiting Myles, she became the staff's best ally, stopping by the football office to offer tips and tactics.

Then there's Sean Williams, Myles's older brother by almost 10 years, a pro athlete who accompanied him on his official visit to College Station and served as a role model and mentor. More important, he offered a cautionary tale. "Myles looks up to Sean and loves Sean but knows the things Sean went through and how my mom hated watching her son

MYLES GARRETT

self-destruct,” says Brea. “Myles never wanted to let my mom down. Honestly, the best thing Sean could’ve done for Myles was to f--- up.”

MYLES REMEMBERS approaching a Toyota Avalanche with smoke pluming from its windows. He was around 12, and as he pleaded with the man inside to stop smoking weed, tears streaked his face. Sean, then a 6’ 10”, 235-pound shot blocking power forward for the Nets, had heard his little brother make this request many times before but never heeded him. “Definitely not,” Williams, 28, says when asked if he maximized his potential. “I let bad decisions get in the way, [let] smoking so much get in the way.”

Audrey started seeing Lawrence Garrett when Sean was five, and Brea and Myles soon followed. Myles quickly emerged as something of a dinosaur nerd. The family’s backyard still has indentations where little Myles dug for fossils. “He started when he was four or five,” says his father, “finding rocks and calling them dinosaur teeth.” Myles learned to read while playing the *Jurassic Park* video game with Sean, who encouraged him to sound out the words on the screen, and to this day Brea knows many of the lines from the original *Jurassic Park* by heart, having unwittingly absorbed them while Myles watched the movie over and over. (Myles nearly attended Ohio State because of its highly regarded paleontology program. He’s in the architecture school at A&M and is minoring in geology.)

As he got older, Myles played a lot of basketball with Sean, and despite the gaps in age and size, they went at it hard. Along with the stellar genes, Audrey gave her children an edge: “There was no allowing the kids to win in our house, be it Uno or tic-tac-toe. They could have been bums, but they would have been competitive bums.”

But there was a steady undercurrent of tension between Sean and his stepfather. Myles grew up watching them fight and listening to his mother cry over Sean’s missteps. Myles once told his mom, “You don’t smile no more,” making her tears fall even harder. Marijuana was one escape for Sean and basketball another. Sean didn’t start playing in organized leagues until he was 15, but by his senior year he was first team all-region at Mansfield High.

He left for Boston College in 2004 and led the Eagles in blocked shots in each of his three years and as a junior set the school record for blocks in a game (13) and a season (75 in 15 games). Midway through that year Sean was dismissed from the team for a rules violation reportedly involving mari-



juana, which came after two previous suspensions and an arrest for marijuana possession in ’05. (He was ordered to undergo drug counseling and barred from the BC campus for at least a semester.) Those off-the-court troubles contributed to his slipping to the 17th pick in the ’07 NBA draft.

Still, Myles idolized Sean. After the Nets picked Sean, Myles spent vacations in New Jersey with him, celebrating when he finally won in video games and when he first dunked on his big brother by grabbing onto him with one arm and tomahawking the ball with the other. In 2011–12, when Sean was playing for the Mavericks, the brothers often squared off at the team facility. One day Sean’s agent, Bernie Lee, got a call from Dallas GM Donnie Nelson. “You have to tell Sean to stop bringing his friend in to play one-on-one,” Nelson told Lee. “We’re scared

AARON M. SPEICHER/AP



they are going to hurt each other.” Nelson didn’t know who the friend was but guessed he was Sean’s bodyguard. Myles had just turned 16.

THE THROWDOWN on his brother coincided with a larger surge in Myles’s life. A year earlier, as a sophomore, he had been trending more toward slacker than superstar. As the backup to Devonte Fields, who in 2012 became the Big 12 defensive player of the year at TCU, Myles irked the coaches with inconsistent effort. Wager had moved to Texas from Boston in 1992 after reading *Friday Night Lights*, and he did not see the renowned Texas football passion he’d come to expect in Myles. So Wager called Myles and his parents in for a meeting that centered on the idea that talent wasn’t enough. The Garretts heard a

RUSH JOB

The 6' 5", 260-pound Garrett was voted by the coaches to the preseason all-SEC team after bullying his way to 53 tackles and an SEC freshman-record 11½ sacks.



“THERE WAS NO ALLOWING THE KIDS TO WIN IN OUR HOUSE, BE IT UNO OR TIC-TAC-TOE,” SAYS AUDREY. “THEY COULD HAVE BEEN BUMS, BUT THEY WOULD HAVE BEEN COMPETITIVE BUMS.”

familiar refrain after Sean’s stumbles: “Potential means you haven’t done anything yet.”

The meeting achieved its purpose. Myles dedicated himself to football, and for the first time his effort matched his heritage. “Their family, they’ve got some genetics,” says A&M strength coach Larry Jackson. He claims Brea is as strong and explosive as the Aggies’ linebackers and in a single conversation compares Myles with Adrian Peterson (explosion), Jean-Claude Van Damme (flexibility and strength) and a cat (body contortion). “We call him Batman,” says Sumlin, “because his body looks like the costume.” Brea says sometimes guys proposition her about gaining access to the family gene pool. “I’m like, No!” she

says with a laugh. “That is *not* how it works.”

As a pass rusher Myles’s greatest asset is his first step, which Auburn offensive coordinator Rhett Lashlee calls the quickest in the country. As he drives upfield, he remains coiled so that his spine is nearly parallel to the ground, making it extremely difficult for a hulking tackle not only to chase but also to reach for him. And when Garrett does come pad-to-pad with an offensive lineman, he has a chance to show off his freakish strength.

During Garrett’s first formal lifting session at College Station last summer, 315-pound Aggie tackle Germain Ifedi, considered the program’s strongest player, power-cleaned 352 pounds; he couldn’t do it a second time. Garrett walked over and lifted the weight three times while his new teammates whooped and hollered with each rep.

After a year in the Aggies’ program Garrett has a superhero’s measurables. He can run the 40 in 4.46 seconds and broad-jump 10' 9½" and has a 38½-inch vertical—all better than the marks than Clowney put up at the NFL combine after his junior year at South Carolina, before the Texans drafted him No. 1. Garrett’s 11½ sacks last season broke Clowney’s SEC freshman record of eight. “There’s no reason he couldn’t be the first guy taken in the draft,” says Jackson. “I told him if it doesn’t happen, it’s because he didn’t allow it to happen.”

END GAMES

Myles Garrett emerged as a premier pass rusher last year, but he has a few guys to beat if he wants to be the best

BY COLIN BECHT

JOEY BOSA, DE, Ohio State The junior, one of several key contributors returning to the national champions, racked up 13½ sacks and 21 tackles for loss last year, both bests in the Big Ten. At 6' 6" and 275 pounds, Bosa is explosive off the line and uses his hands well to get to the quarterback. Bosa would have been a first-round selection in this year's NFL draft had he been eligible; next year, he could be the No. 1 pick.

SHAWN OAKMAN, DE, Baylor 6' 9" and 280 pounds of muscle, Oakman has a firm grasp on the title of college football's most intimidating player. He backs up that reputation with his play: Last season he set a Bears record with 11 sacks, to go along with 19½ tackles for loss and three forced fumbles. Freakishly athletic—he did a 40-inch box jump while holding 70-pound dumbbells this off-season—Oakman should show even more improvement in his second year as a starter.

SHILIQUE CALHOUN, DE, Michigan State Bosa and the Buckeyes draw the bulk of the headlines, but the 6' 5", 250-pound Calhoun is a worthy foe in the battle to be the Big Ten's top pass rusher. He chose not to enter the 2015 draft after his junior year, citing "unfinished business" in East Lansing. Calhoun, who totaled 15½ sacks over the past two seasons, will be critical to the Spartans' defensive transition after coordinator Pat Narduzzi left to become the coach at Pittsburgh.



MYLES GARRETT

SEAN WILLIAMS has been visiting addiction specialist John Lucas in Houston since he got thrown out of Boston College. "All things being equal, and he didn't have the smoking issue, he could have easily been a 12- to 13-year NBA guy," says Providence coach Ed Cooley, who was an assistant at BC while Williams played there. Former Nets executive Bobby Marks says Williams could have been an "elite, Ben Wallace-type" defender. Instead, Williams's last NBA cameo came with the Celtics in 2011–12, and he has spent the last two seasons playing in Turkey.

NBA coaches and executives like Williams, who is intelligent and personable, and his strengths—athleticism, length and shot blocking—fit the evolution toward small-ball lineups. He wants to return to the league but is vague when asked if he has quit smoking. "I'm trying to get back into that league; I'm committing myself," he says. "I can't do that." As Lucas puts it, "We got some work to do."

Unlike his brother, Garrett says he's never tried either alcohol or marijuana and doesn't plan to. During an interview he wore a cartoon-covered Pokémon hat and explained how he planned to see *Jurassic World* the night it debuted. Ever the dino geek, Garrett's idea of a big night out involves Netflix and digging fossils of another era—Marvin Gaye, Donny Hathaway and Al Green. Even his idols, Muhammad Ali and Hall of Fame Rams lineman Deacon Jones, are throwbacks. "I want to be a paleontologist, whether it's amateur or professional," he says of post-football life. "And I want to be a humanitarian. I want to go around the world just helping people."

At home in Arlington he and Jesus Martinez—his 5' 4", 130-pound best friend from childhood—play *Mortal Kombat*, *Call of Duty* and *Super Smash Brothers*. "He gets a little nerded out in *Skyrim*," Martinez says. "I'm not into those strategy games."

But like his brother, Garrett still has work to do. Most of his sacks came early in the season, against lesser competition; late in the year teams adjusted by running at him. He'll push ahead by learning from both his siblings, the one who maximized her potential and the one who squandered his. Myles loves them both, but he knows what their stories tell him. "My brother was an example for what not to do," he says. "The weed, it's a distraction. A lot of other things can be distractions—girls, other drugs, fame and ego. I don't want any of that to distract me from my main goal, which is going to the NFL and being the best defensive lineman or player who ever played."

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 BASKETBALL

**COURTING
TROUBLE**

Video surveillance showed Chapman stealing from an Apple store in 2014, though he says he doesn't recall doing it.

THE DEMONS



H

HE SWEARS he doesn't remember, but the evidence is right there on video. The footage captured by security cameras shows Rex Chapman—onetime avatar of Kentucky basketball, 12-year NBA veteran, multimillionaire—looking over merchandise at an Apple store in Scottsdale, Ariz., putting several items into a bag, then briskly walking away. After Chapman did this for the ninth time without paying, an Apple employee finally recognized him as a former Suns shooting guard and was able to give the authorities his name.

On Sept. 19, 2014, Chapman was arrested outside his Scottsdale home and charged with nine counts of organized retail theft and five counts of trafficking in stolen property for selling goods worth \$14,000 to a pawnshop for \$5,460. (Chapman also says he has no recollection of pawning the merchandise.) Both crimes are felonies. The Maricopa County attorney's office has said it will decide soon how (or whether) to prosecute.

Chapman, 47, says he doesn't recall committing these alleged crimes because he was in a scrambled, foggy state of mind, which was largely the result of an addiction to prescription narcotics that stretches back more than 15 years. Ten days after his arrest Chapman checked himself into a treatment hospital in Louisville, his third stint in rehab since he retired as a player in 2000.

As he tries to rebuild his life, he says he is ready to face the truth, even if his story about the thefts sounds like a lie. As one fan put it to a Phoenix TV station

OF REX CHAPMAN

THE FORMER KENTUCKY AND NBA STAR HAS STRUGGLED WITH AN ADDICTION TO PAINKILLERS SINCE HIS PLAYING CAREER WOUND DOWN 15 YEARS AGO. AFTER BEING ARRESTED FOR THEFT AND TRAFFICKING IN STOLEN PROPERTY, HE'S TRYING TO REBUILD HIS LIFE

BY SETH DAVIS

Photograph by
Robert Beck For Sports Illustrated



when the story broke, “The public lifts these players way up, and they forget that they have a responsibility.”

“I don’t want to claim something I don’t remember,” Chapman shrugs. “I’m just being as open and honest as I can be. I remember very little about it, little to none.”

Since February, Chapman has spent time in Scottsdale, where he and his ex-wife, Bridget, share custody of their four children (Zeke, 22; Caley, 20; Tatum, 16; and Tyson, 14), and Hermosa Beach, Calif., where he is staying in a buddy’s house rent-free while he considers his next career move. The 6’ 4” Chapman has shed 40 pounds since he was arrested—he was up to 250—and his face bears a healthy, golden hue. He’s the first to concede his future is shrouded in uncertainty. But for the first time in a long time, he believes he has one.

THE FIRST trip to rehab came in the spring of 2001, when Chapman checked himself into Sierra Tucson hospital. At that point he says he was taking about 40 Vicodins and nine OxyContin a day. During that brutal first week of detoxification, as Chapman was vomiting into garbage cans and drifting in and out of consciousness, he overheard a nurse telling her colleague that his detox was similar to the kind typically experienced by heroin addicts. “I remember thinking, Heroin? Are you kidding me?” Chapman recalls. “I couldn’t believe she was talking about me.”

He had always been so clean-cut. At Apollo High in Owensboro, Ky., Chapman would go to parties with his friends, but while they were drinking beer and smoking weed, he was jumping over cars for money. He says he didn’t even taste alcohol until he was 22. Chapman was determined not to let anything divert his path.

Besides being gifted, Chapman had developed a deep understanding of the game from being around his father, Wayne, a former ABA swingman who coached two Division II championship teams at Kentucky Wesleyan. Rex idolized his dad, but Wayne was distant and moody, and he was preoccupied with his job. Rex and his sister, Jenny, used to pray that Wayne’s teams would win. If they didn’t, the house would feel heavy for days.

Wayne missed most of Rex’s high school games because his own teams often played at the same time. On one of the few occasions when he saw his son play, Rex recalls scoring more than 40 points and grabbing nearly 20 rebounds. He came home thinking his dad would have to say something good about him. Instead, when he asked Wayne what he thought, his father replied, “I want to know when you’re gonna take a f----- charge.”

In those moments Rex’s mother, Laura, would try to ease the tension, but most of the time her efforts were unsuccessful. “I just wanted smooth water, and there was hardly ever smooth water,” she says. “I think Rex would have liked to have heard more praise from his dad, but that’s just not Wayne’s way.”

During his freshman year at Kentucky, 1986–87, Chapman scored 26 points in a rout of Louisville and led the Cats in scoring with 16.0 points per game. Anytime Chapman went out, whether it was a visit to a mall or a walk across campus, he was besieged by fans and autograph seekers. That led him to spend a lot of nights in his room or in the practice gym.

“Rex was really well-liked by his teammates,” says Paul Andrews, who played with Chapman in ’86–87. “We had to push him to go out because he knew he was going to be in the spotlight. He wanted badly to blend in.”

Chapman was also troubled by the backlash he endured for spending so much time with his high school girlfriend, an African-American woman who was enrolled at Kentucky. Chapman recalls coming back to his car after a game to find “n----- lover” keyed into his door. Even worse were the meetings Chapman says he had with members of the Kentucky coaching staff and athletic administration, who tried to dissuade him from interracial dating. “It wore on me,”

he says. “It was hateful.” Eddie Sutton, the Wildcats’ coach then, says, “I don’t remember that happening. It was a long time ago, but I just don’t remember that.”

After averaging a team-high 19.0 points as a sophomore, Chapman decided to turn pro; the expansion Charlotte Hornets selected him with the eighth pick in the 1988 draft. He spent four years there and another eight in Washington, Miami and Phoenix. Chapman averaged 14.6 points for his career, but he suffered various injuries—ankle sprains, fractures in his wrist and back, a broken right leg, broken fingers. Fittingly, on the same day in 1994 that he was named to his first and only All-Star team, he shattered his right ankle and had to miss the game.

Even in the later stages of his career, Chapman retained the lively athleticism that made him so popular at Kentucky, and he was always one of the top long-range shooters in the league. Desperate to break through with a championship or



“IT WAS HATEFUL,”
SAYS CHAPMAN OF
THE BACKLASH AT
KENTUCKY OVER
HIS INTERRACIAL
DATING.



All-Star-caliber season, he continued to play with abandon. “Rex was a great competitor. I worried about keeping him healthy,” says Danny Ainge, who coached Chapman in Phoenix and became one of his closest friends. “He set a lot of screens on big guys and let guys run through him. But he was a very, very smart player. You could tell he was the son of a coach. If he came up with an idea to run a play or some kind of action, I would usually listen to him.”

During his first season with the Suns, in ’96–97, Chapman developed a painful nerve condition in his right foot. He agreed to take Vicodin. When the pain flared up, he would pop a couple of pills. The Vicodin habit persisted through his last three years in Phoenix, during which Chapman had seven surgeries. Then, following an emergency appendectomy in March 2000, a doctor gave him OxyContin. “Within a week, it had me,” he says. The drug did more than ease Chapman’s pain. It also melted away his social anxiety, which had been a problem since his time at Kentucky. “Oxy



BODY OF WORK

A gifted outside shooter, Chapman wasn’t afraid to mix it up with bigger players, and he sustained many injuries as a result.

gave me a euphoria where every bad thought was really fleeting,” he says. “It was something I could take that made me sociable. It made me feel more normal, or what I viewed as normal.”

He retired later that spring. Without the routine of practices and games, and with his tolerance to the opioids building, Chapman’s habit intensi-

fied. He says he acquired some of the medicine through a prescription from his doctor, but he also drove to Tucson every few weeks to see a friend who restocked him illegally. Much of his free time during that period was spent betting on racehorses, a passion he had picked up from his father, who says his own excessive wagering eventually landed him in Gamblers Anonymous. Those vices, combined with Chapman’s difficulty in filling his days without basketball, took a toll on his marriage. “His life was unraveling,” says Ainge. “It’s almost like Rex was addicted to addiction.”

Ainge wrote Chapman a long letter that helped persuade him to enter Sierra Tucson. During his one-month stay there, he was diagnosed with depression and attention deficit disorder. The doctors put him on antidepressant medication. After he returned home, Chapman was troubled by a chronic pain in his abdomen. “I assumed it was because I was dope sick,” he says. A few months later he underwent yet another surgery to remove a pin from his wrist. He was prescribed Vicodin, and as soon as he took it, the pain in his stomach went away. The familiar cycle unspooled: Chapman would take the prescribed dosage, but when his tolerance increased, he upped his intake, which led to another full-blown addiction. In early 2002 he enrolled himself in a two-week detox at a facility in Newport Beach, Calif.

But once clean, Chapman says his stomach pain returned. A doctor suggested he try Suboxone, a medication used for the treatment of opioid dependence. Twice each day, Chapman slid the medicine under his tongue. It tasted awful, but the discomfort went away.

Chapman’s descent into addiction may seem shocking to him, but it is all too common. Beginning in the early 1990s the American medical community increasingly turned to opioids as a means of easing postsurgical pain or alleviating chronic conditions like arthritis. The pharma industry, enabled by a permissive Food and Drug Administration, was happy to flood the market. OxyContin first became available in 1995, and during the two decades that followed, the FDA approved more than two dozen narcotics designed to treat long-term pain. While these drugs have undoubtedly made life more tolerable for many patients, they also spawned a new generation of addicts. Of the approximately 9.4 million Americans currently taking these opioids for chronic pain, the National Institutes of Health estimates that nearly a quarter have become dependent on them.



“These drugs have a place for some people, but they do not work for everybody,” says Dr. Ron Spears, who treated Chapman at The Brook Hospitals in Louisville. “We’ve had a lot of people who abused them because they developed a tolerance and therefore needed more and more to get the same relief. It keeps going until some kind of crisis hits. That’s what happened with Rex. He finally got to a point where he had to do something.”

Over time, Chapman says, the Suboxone gradually sapped his energy and clouded his mind. After he completed his first stint in rehab, he tried to pursue a career as an NBA executive, but he did not stay at any job for too long. In 2002 the Suns hired him to be a scout and eventually promoted him to director of basketball operations. Two years later Chapman left to take a job with the Timberwolves as a scout; the following season he joined the Nuggets as vice president of player personnel. In 2010 he left Denver following a front-office shake-up and returned to Scottsdale, unsure of what to do or where to turn next.

By that point, Rex and Bridget were slogging their way toward a bitter divorce. Depressed and isolated, he stayed involved in his kids’ lives, but he hardly saw his parents and sister for nearly 10 years. “He was just awful,” Jenny says. “He would come to Kentucky and not even let us know he was here. My mom and I would talk about how we felt that he was already dead.”

In 2012, Chapman moved into a three-bedroom condo in Scottsdale and plunged ever deeper into disorder. In July ’14 he sent a long, panicky email to Jenny asking for help. She flew to Arizona and tried to help him get his life in order. “There were boxes and boxes of unopened mail. He always had a financial adviser so he didn’t know how to pay a bill,” she says. Rex told his sister about his Suboxone use, but insisted that he didn’t have a problem.

LAST SEPTEMBER, when the cops took Chapman to the Scottsdale jail and booked him, they didn’t tell him why he was being arrested. A few hours later he turned on his cellphone and saw a barrage of texts and tweets. Something about theft. By the time Zeke picked him up the next morning, the story of Chapman’s arrest had made national news. The ride home was emotional but quiet. “I honestly have never seen him in that state,” Zeke says. “He was so rattled and shaken.” When Jenny arrived about five days later, she found her brother sitting in a chair by himself in a dark room. “He was catatonic,” she says. “He couldn’t look me in the eye. He kept saying, ‘I don’t know what just happened. What have I done?’”

Jenny arranged for Rex to fly to Louisville to enter The Brook, whose CEO, Paul Andrews, was Chapman’s teammate at Kentucky. After another horrible week of detox, Chapman’s body was again clear of opioids, but the pain in his abdomen returned. It got so bad that he had to be taken by ambulance to a hospital, where emergency-room doctors discovered an ulcer. Chapman was given some medicine, and within hours the pain was gone. “It makes me so angry that this whole time I’ve been thinking I’ve got this jones for pain medication, it was really just an ulcer,” he says.

Doctors at The Brook also switched Chapman’s antidepressant to Zoloft. For the remainder of his 30-day stay, Chapman underwent extensive psychological counseling for the first time. It helped. “I realized I’d built up walls and carried grudges for years,” Chapman says. “I had a lot of animosity, dating back



to when I was growing up, toward people who told me that what I was doing datingwise was wrong. I was also mourning not playing. I had a good career, but I still feel like I should have done more. It wasn’t through a lack of trying. I just couldn’t stay healthy. And I hate to bring this up because I’m a 47-year-old man, but I think I was always wanting my dad’s approval. We knew he loved us, but he was a different generation.”

He confessed much of this during a meeting with Jenny and his therapist. “I was shocked. I never knew he had insecurities,” Jenny says. During his stay, Chapman invited his parents to meet with him and his counselor as well. That was the first time he had ever told his father about the void he felt over the way his dad raised him. “I was dumbfounded,” Wayne says. “It made me feel very incompetent to hear that from him. I think he resented me for not doing a better job of parenting, and looking back, he’s completely correct. Being absent emotionally is no way to raise children.”

After his month at The Brook, Chapman traveled to Houston to continue rehabbing at the John Lucas Athletes After Care Program. He stayed three months, working out with area players and meeting regularly with a counselor. The only time he left was to spend Christmas in Lexington with his parents, the first time he had done that in a long while.

Lucas says that in recent years, he is seeing a lot more athletes come to him fighting addictions to painkillers, although the problem is far

SUNNY DAYS?

For Chapman, with Zeke and Tatum on Manhattan Beach, the arrest (below), as well as therapy and new medication, have helped him regain control of his life.



more prevalent in football than basketball. As a recovering alcoholic and cocaine addict, Lucas was hardly surprised to see an athlete of Chapman's stature struggle with his demons. "Athletes have two deaths. They die of natural causes in real life, and they die as an athlete when they stop playing," Lucas says. "They try to chase [their fears] away with painkillers or marijuana or cocaine. But when they wake up the next morning, the problems are still there. We usually don't ever stop until we hit rock bottom."

In April, Chapman reemerged into public life, serving as an analyst for Turner's teamcast of Kentucky's Final Four loss to Wisconsin—though fans of the Wildcats are still upset with him for tweeting, in 2014, that John Calipari was leaving to coach the Lakers. Chapman earned more than \$31 million during his playing career

and another \$6 million off the court. Most of that is gone, he says, but he has enough to live on for a while. Still, Chapman knows he needs to get back to work, not just to make money but also to reestablish a routine and reengage with the outside world. Whatever job he takes, he's pretty sure it will be something in basketball. "There's not much else I'm qualified to do," he says.

C **CHAPMAN ISN'T** much of a beach guy. He doesn't like sand. His rental vehicle—a red Dodge pickup truck—is woefully out of place among the Priuses and Teslas of his new locale. Still, he is enjoying the leisurely pace that Southern California offers. He trains a few high school players and goes to their games. He hangs out with friends. He brings his children to visit. At the moment he is sitting on the upstairs patio, which offers a panoramic view of the Pacific. "It's hard to be in a bad mood when you're out here," he says.

As painful as his arrest was, Chapman now believes it was a blessing. He would never have cleaned up without it. Nor would he have reconnected with his friends, his parents and his sister. "I told Rex I'm more proud of him than anything he's ever done on the court," Jenny says. "His best years could still be ahead of him."

Chapman doesn't disagree. "Life is good right now. It really is," he says. "My kids are great. I'm off this medication. I'm not being held hostage to trying to refill my prescription or having to put that nasty-tasting stuff in my mouth twice a day. My body doesn't feel great, but I'm able to work out every day. I just feel really good physically, mentally and emotionally."

As Chapman speaks, two of his children, Zeke and Tatum, are inside the house. He can only hope that his kids have learned from his ordeal. "They need to know that there's some addiction that runs in their family," he says. "Having seen their parents divorce, I hope they understand that relationships are tough. They've got to be worked at every day." He smiles and adds, "They've got to know at this point that I'm not perfect. Hopefully, I haven't embarrassed them too badly."

For the time being, Chapman has survived his fall, but that was the easy part. As painful as the last year has been, he has achieved some clarity. Now he has to learn to like what he sees. □



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**WHADDYA
KNOW, JOE**

Revis feels just fine occupying the throne that once belonged to Namath (seated—*not* photoshopped—to Revis's right), who helped re-create his famous 1969 photo.





I Am an Island

*Now that he's ditched the Super Bowl-winning Patriots for a homecoming (and a lot of cash) in New York, **Darrelle Revis** wants to make a few things clear. No, it's not all about the money. But it's not entirely about rings either. It's about winning the negotiation . . . and, the Jets hope, following in Joe Namath's footsteps* /// **BY GREG BISHOP**

Photograph by Walter Iooss Jr. for Sports Illustrated



DARRELLE REVIS strolls past the baby-blue Lincoln convertible blasting Frank Sinatra; past the dude flexing his pecs for donations; past the naked women, their bodies painted with stars and stripes; past the billboards, the taxis, the tourists. . . .

It's April. Revis is dressed in all black, from fedora to footwear, as he glides down Broadway. Eventually he's interrupted by a man outside a comedy club who poses one of midtown Manhattan's existential questions: "You like stand-up comedy? . . . Or midget strippers?"

Revis walks. "I knew it!" the man shouts. "Midget strippers!"

Shortly afterward, Minnie Mouse stops Revis for a picture. It's safe to assume that she's not aware he re-signed with the Jets this off-season on a deal that runs five years and will push his career earnings into nine-figure territory by season's end. Or that he won a Super Bowl last February with the Patriots. To Minnie he's just another mark.

Photos are snapped, and Revis walks again. Minnie follows. Like, *really* follows—with hand extended, for several blocks, much in the same way Revis shadows his marks, NFL receivers, on fall Sundays. Revis isn't carrying any cash, so his only escape is to hop back inside a waiting town car, escaping into the traffic of the borough that former mayor Michael Bloomberg christened Revis Island way back in 2010. "I'm going to have Minnie Mouse nightmares," he says as he slides into the front seat.

A near altercation with an imposter Disney character—it's not the *Welcome back!* moment you'd imagine for a four-time All-Pro at the pinnacle of his game. But this is exactly what Revis wanted, to return to the team that drafted him and the crazy city that adopted him, the place where he always wanted to finish his career. He still remembers the first time he drove into Manhattan as a newly drafted Jet, with his cousins from Jamaica, Queens. They ate at a TGI Fridays. His first rookie mistake.

Now Revis is back, and everything is different. Dinner is at Balthazar, the famed French brasserie in Soho where Revis sips Jameson on the rocks and scoops escargot onto his fellow diners' plates. Jets fans—the same ones who derisively branded him

Me-Vis or Revi\$ or Mercenary—welcome back their imagined savior to a franchise that last won a Super Bowl in 1969, behind another star from western Pennsylvania, Joe Namath. That Revis ever left seems to have been forgotten. He made his millions, he won a title and now he's back to finish what he started.

"I feel like I've been on the road the last two years," Revis says. "I never wanted to leave.

"I'm coming home."

REVIS HATES the "mercenary" label. In his mind, people who call him that believe that he plays only for money. He says this in the lobby at the Cosmopolitan in Las Vegas. He's in town for the Floyd Mayweather–Manny Pacquiao fight in early May, having arrived on a private plane with new teammate Brandon Marshall and a few other close friends not long after closing a Jets practice with an interception of Geno Smith.

Revis is not motivated solely by money, he's explaining as a fan interrupts. "Best negotiator in the NFL, man!" the fan gushes. "I love the way you do it. Them other cats need to learn from you."

Later, Revis is introduced to a pair of high rollers. They paid \$100,000 apiece for ringside seats, and they're carrying a money gun that shoots out \$20 bills. Revis politely declines their offer to let him fire it. What he's not sharing: He came to Vegas simply for the atmosphere; he didn't splurge on tickets.

Money isn't Revis's favorite subject, but it's not one he can avoid. It's been the dominant theme of his career. He's more than a modern-day cover corner reminiscent of his idol, Hall of Famer Deion Sanders, who played for five NFL teams. He's the most modern of modern athletes, an unsentimental businessman who demands to be paid exactly what he thinks he's worth.

Since the Jets traded him to Tampa Bay in April 2013, Revis has signed three contracts with three teams for \$68 million in guaranteed salary. He earned \$17 million in '13 (\$1 million from the Jets, the rest from the Buccaneers) and \$12 million in '14 (from the Patriots), and he will accrue at least \$39 million in his latest deal with New York. Should he play all five seasons of this pact, he would push his career earnings to \$155 million. That's quarterback money—and it doesn't even account for endorsements with the likes of Nike and Bose. Through eight seasons Revis has banked \$85 million. He's earned more than all but two players in his 2007 draft class: Calvin Johnson and Joe Thomas, who play two of the highest-paid positions in football, receiver and left tackle. Three-time All-Pro running back Adrian Peterson has made \$13 million less.

If Revis were a lawyer, an entrepreneur or a hedge-fund manager, he would be lauded for his business acumen and negotiating skills. But in the world of pro football he's seen as someone who refuses hometown discounts and holds teams hostage to boost his salary. Depending on who's talking, he's a genius or an All-Pro for hire (there's that mercenary thing again) or simply an outlier—sometimes all three at once.

Revis wrestles with the logic of NFL economics. Teams will cut underperforming players or tear up contracts after poor seasons, but when those same players exceed expectations, teams ask them to honor whatever agreement they signed. Franchises that win the most (see: Patriots, New England) ask their best performers to play for less money so they can sign even more top talent and continue to win and continue to sign more

players . . . at a discount . . . to win more games. "We're fighting against 32 billionaires," Revis says. "A lot of guys are brainwashed, feeding into the system. It's genius how the NFL did it."

Revis sees the NFL as he does any other business. It's a fallacy that all anyone wants to do is win. Everyone wants to win, but also to cash in—and not necessarily in that order. He knows that sounds selfish. He doesn't expect sympathy. The NFL Players Association, he points out, bargained for the current labor agreement, one that Revis has

worked to his advantage the way few non-QBs have.

On the plane to Vegas, Revis and Marshall bantered about being envious of "how the NBA does business," Revis says, referring mostly to the guaranteed money in that league's contracts. "We're really jealous of that.

"If only this was the NBA."

IN 1997, when he was 12, Revis lived in Aliquippa, Pa., a depressed former steel-mill town outside Pittsburgh. His uncle, Sean Gilbert, was in town that fall, which was strange because Gilbert was a Pro Bowl defensive tackle who'd been taken with the third pick in the '92 draft.

Gilbert would play 11 NFL seasons, but not one snap in 1997. He staged a holdout against the Redskins that year before signing a seven-year, \$47 million deal with the Panthers. Revis's approach to football finance took shape right then, based on two concepts that his uncle employed: leverage and pressure. Gilbert's talent produced leverage; his willingness to withhold that talent applied pressure. "Most players, the shield blinds them," Gilbert says. "They feel privileged to play this game. They don't realize they've been building their résumé. They're qualified. This is their *job*. They're assets."

That fall, as Gilbert hunkered down in Aliquippa, he surrounded himself with family. There was his brother Mark, who played basketball at Duquesne; his sisters, Diana and Tamu; and the family matriarch, his mother, Aileen.



SAY CHEESE

Revis's Times Square sojourn came to a quick conclusion following a run-in with a few slightly off-looking 'toons.



Diana, a high school track star, could still beat Gilbert in a footrace. Her oldest son, Darrelle, sketched and collected model antique cars and schooled adults in chess. Later, he played basketball well enough that Western Kentucky offered a full ride. Throughout, he trained in Aliquippa's pastime, football, and joined its chief line of export, NFL players like Gilbert, Mike Ditka, Tony Dorsett and Ty Law. Revis helped fill the trophy case at the local high school with yet another state football championship. Ultimately, he played football well enough to give up basketball, his favorite sport.

The family made decisions as a unit. Everyone had a voice. They came to borrow from a Snickers ad: They'd bring a candy bar to every family meeting, placing it in front of anyone who needed to pipe down—a high-calorie timeout.

As Revis progressed through high school to the NFL, that group mentality carried on. The family pushed him to run hills and perform the same drills for months on end. They called him a slouch—Gilbert did, anyway—until only a couple of years ago. They also shielded Revis from the dangers of Aliquippa's streets. Or tried to. Home on break during his sophomore year at Pittsburgh, Revis stopped at a convenience store and found himself between rival gangs as they traded flurries of bullets. Somehow he managed to escape unharmed.

Revis's story speaks to a central question that every athlete must confront: Where do my loyalties lie? For him, the answer lies with the most important team he has ever been part of: his mother and her four siblings (or the Revis Mafia, as one of his trainers puts it). His inner circle today includes his two agents, Jonathan Feinsod and Neil Schwartz, plus a cousin, Jimmy Moore. But otherwise it has gone unchanged.

That core group remains united, especially in its approach to the business end of football. Revis will express displeasure with his contract, or stage a holdout, if necessary. Heck, Feinsod and Schwartz held out their very first client, a fifth-rounder named Rob Waldrop, for an extra \$500 in 1994.

After the Jets drafted him in 2007 with the No. 14 pick, Revis held out before he signed his rookie deal. That impasse lasted 21 days. He held out again before the '10 season, missing training camp and all four preseason games. He's even developed what can best be described as a holdout ritual: He heads to Florida, walks the beach and rides Jet Skis like some real-life Kenny Powers. "It's peaceful," he says. "Out in the ocean. Water crashing on the shore. Seagulls. Fish.

"That's how I dealt with all of it."

INSIDE THE Jets' training facility in Florham Park, N.J., Revis recognizes an old friend. "Is that Juan?" he asks, spying a janitor down the hallway. "Juan is my dude." He's back to familiar comforts and old routines. "It has been a while," he says of two years away from New York that felt like two lifetimes. "I mean, I'm losing my hair," jokes the now 30-year-old. "It's crazy how everything went down."

Revis left Pitt a year early to enter the 2007 draft, and the Jets traded up with the Panthers to select him. Afterward, he told general manager Mike Tannenbaum, "This is the best decision you've ever made. I'm going to help you win a championship."

He played under Eric Mangini and alongside Brett Favre (and scrapped with strength coach Sal Alosi, the same guy who had an altercation with rapper Sean Combs at UCLA in June; "he's got quite the résumé," Revis says) but he didn't come close to fulfilling that early promise until Rex Ryan took over as the Jets' coach in 2009. After Revis sat up front at Ryan's initial press conference, they together made consecutive trips to the AFC championship game, losing both. At one point during his tour of New York, Revis mentions

how this year's Jets will have to win the same way those past New York teams did, with defense and an unproven quarterback, now Geno Smith. "We almost made it, and we didn't have a quarterback," he says of those '09 and '10 seasons. And then, perhaps realizing how that sounds—accurate but harsh—he adds, "Mark [Sanchez] was solid. He wasn't elite."

Flash forward to 2012, Week 3 in Miami. Revis had missed the previous game dealing with a concussion he suffered in the season opener. Then, against the Dolphins, his left cleat caught in the turf as he planted, and his knee twisted as he fell. The injury burned for about 15 seconds, then went numb. He knew. Something was wrong.

Tests revealed a torn ACL. Making matters worse, doctors had to perform microfracture surgery, which extended his rehabilitation timetable. He couldn't even begin to run until the following May, long after the Jets had sputtered to a 6–10 finish. "I did think about retiring," Revis says. "I had never been seriously injured before, and I didn't know how to handle it."

He said as much to Gilbert. "Most every player is thinking about retirement while he's playing," Gilbert says, "because [football's] a bona fide grind. I told him, 'You can think that. But you've got to get over it.'"

In his first rehab session, days after the procedure, Revis bent his knee an inch. The second day, two inches. Each day he made a little progress, and eventually he met with New York's new general manager, John Idzik, who'd replaced Tannenbaum that January. Revis expressed his desire to remain a Jet and noted that he was still under contract.

Within 48 hours the Jets traded him to the Bucs.

BACK IN Manhattan, Revis stops at a private showroom on 38th Street. He's shopping for a suit. Only, the elevator is out of order, and as he climbs to the fifth floor, he crouches to stretch his knees. "I'm going to need disability when I'm done," he jokes.

Inside Musika Frère, a luxury menswear boutique, Revis admires the bright jackets, the elaborate pat-



terns, the lycra mixed with silk. He balks at one piece lined with fur. "Y'all got some loud stuff," he says.

He settles instead on a red linen number. "It's not *red* red," the salesman says. "It's brick red. It's not loud-as-hell red. It's super luxury."

The salesman hands an invoice to Revis, who heads toward the exit. "Hey," the salesman says. "Change is good, right?"

Revis understands what it's like to change uniforms like they're suit jackets. After the injury and the trade, he signed an unusual agreement with Tampa Bay: six years, \$96 million, not a single dollar guaranteed. Revis bet on himself, and that he would not suffer another injury. But he felt strongly that the first- and fourth-round picks the Bucs had given up to



obtain him made it unlikely they would release him. Until they did. After just one season.

Revis never fit in Tampa. By his own admission his knee wasn't healthy. The Bucs started 0-8. Their Cover Two defensive scheme meant that Revis blanketed portions of the field more often than he did elite receivers, as had been his forte in New York. His lost season can best be summarized by the jersey Revis signed for one Tampa exec on the way out. "Thanks for letting me leave," he wrote.

Two teams wanted to take on the contract Tampa had given Revis, but he scuttled both deals because he didn't think either club could contend. Instead, he signed a one-year free-agent deal with the Patriots that included a team option for a second season at \$20 million. No one, not even Revis, expected

Cherry Pic

*Forty-six years after he famously photographed Joe Namath poolside, hamming it up with media in Miami, SI photographer **Walter Iooss Jr.** reflects on recreating the iconic image with a new Jets icon in the star's seat*

IN JANUARY 1969, my colleague Neil Leifer was sent to cover the Colts before Super Bowl III against the Jets. I hadn't covered New York that year; Baltimore was my team. To be honest, I was a little disappointed when they sent me to hang out with the Jets.

First I photographed Joe on Fort Lauderdale Beach. Then he walked back to the pool at the Galt Ocean Mile Hotel, sat down and started talking to the media. When he arrived, it was like a rock star had showed up. The shoot was over in like two minutes, yet he electrified everyone. He's such a beautiful guy, charming, all the guys loved him, all the girls loved him. He was as smooth as they come.



JET SKIS

Returning to the scene of his famous photo, Namath endorsed Gotham's latest savior, who's been a Pro Bowler every year except 2012.

That photo became something big later, but I don't know if anyone used it that week. If the Jets had lost the game, that picture would probably be lost in a file somewhere. I've shot photos that I've never seen—you just hand it in, on to the next job. Looking back now, though, it's one of my happiest moments. That picture *is* Joe. I don't know who else could have pulled that off that day. Maybe Brett Favre.

Trying to recreate that picture? Imagine trying to recreate "Raising the Flag on Iwo Jima." We were at a pool in the '60s with sunlight—and, remember, it was winter. Everything was different this time. It was June, a different pool, in Hollywood, Fla. There were some palm trees blocking our light. . . . But Revis made it work. Just imagine Tom Brady or Russell Wilson sitting poolside for that picture today. Not going to happen. Revis did it, though. He was great; he was poised. To me, he's a great player—but no way can he replace Joe.

And when Joe walked onto the set, I'll tell you, it was really special. I enjoyed watching him and Revis interact. It's funny, Namath and I hadn't really worked together much after that old shot. But Joe knew me. He knew I did the Swimsuit Issue. And all these ballplayers, that's the one thing we all have in common: Everyone loves beautiful women. (Even last night, Kevin Love told me he wants to quit basketball and be my swimsuit assistant.)

So there we were, Joe and I, reunited, and something special happened. We'll always be friends because of this shoot. □

New England to pick up that option, a demonstration of how deceiving NFL contracts can be on the surface. “I hope the world knows the option was never going to happen,” Revis says. To those who believe Revis plays football only for money, here was proof that he does not: He took \$12 million from the Patriots, and they won a Super Bowl together. Both sides got exactly what they wanted.

He trained last summer at the Fischer Institute in Phoenix and looked like the guy who’d won AFC Defensive Player of the Year in 2009. Between workouts, he dominated other Pro Bowlers in pickup basketball games, dunking at will, the athlete among the athletes. Will Sullivan, one of his trainers, told Revis shortly before the season started, “You’re going to have your best year in the NFL. This is the best I’ve ever seen you.”

“All right, that’s cool,” Revis said, in typical understatement.

But that’s exactly what happened. And here’s the crazy part: Revis says he wasn’t 100% healthy until roughly Week 4 or 5. In Tampa he’d concealed the doubt that consumed him—the way his leg fatigued in the middle of games, the interceptions he missed when his foot speed failed him. He compares it to playing a whole year hampered by Kryptonite.

Only Revis did recover, and the Patriots turned a 2–2 start into their fourth championship under coach Bill Belichick. In Arizona, Revis celebrated at New England’s Super Bowl after-party while his six-year-old son, Jayden, slept in his arms. His mom, now Diana Askew, felt like “Queen Elizabeth being escorted to the parade.”

Then Revis did to the Patriots what the Patriots do to so many players for whom they no longer have any use. He cut ties without sentiment, signing instead with the hated Jets. In April he joined his rivals-turned-teammates-turned-rivals-again as they traveled from Foxborough to their White House visit. He was nervous, but they embraced him. President Barack Obama greeted him like an old friend. “Hey, Revis Island,” Obama joked.

It was all friendly between Revis and the Patriots until Diana flew to Boston to pick up her son’s Super Bowl ring in June. Revis couldn’t attend; he’d planned a vacation to Disney World with Jayden and nine-year-old daughter Deyani. But after traveling from Aliquippa, Diana wasn’t allowed to attend the ring ceremony at owner Robert Kraft’s house. “If that’s how they want to do things, that’s fine,” Revis says. “I’m not going to waste my time on it.”

REVIS STARES at the Hudson River from a bench on Manhattan’s High Line park. The next day he will return to Aliquippa to watch his son play T-ball. New Yorkers pass in every direction, with their artisanal pickle jars and ice cream cones. Revis does not notice them. “I want to change the system,” he says.

He knows it’s not that simple. Gilbert ran for the NFLPA’s executive director position in March and lost to DeMaurice Smith, the organization’s head since 2009. Revis claims no issues with Smith. He served as one of the Patriots’ alternate NFLPA reps last season and says he’d welcome the same role with the Jets. But he does think players need to be better educated



BREAKING **UP IS HARD** **TO DO**

But getting back together is easy, as Revis (24) showed in returning to the city that turned on him for two seasons.

Revis did to the Patriots what the Patriots do to so many players for whom they no longer have any use. He cut ties, without sentiment.

about the business side of football. They are the ones—not the execs—he says, who will someday pay a physical price. His uncle had 15 surgeries and today carries six screws in his right hip. He’s in pain all day, every day. He deserves, Revis says, every penny that he fought for.

Revis takes this idea one step further. He believes that every time he holds out for a bigger contract he’s making more money for the next guy at his position, for the next superstar locked at an impasse with some team. But good luck selling that idea to the casual sports fan. Nobody wants to hear about how some millionaire athlete banked more millions for the greater good. Still, Revis says, “guys need to wake up; they can learn from how we did it.”

Bart Scott, a former teammate with the Jets, calls Revis “brilliant” in his approach, no different from a coach who uses his clout to earn a raise or an owner who increases ticket prices to boost revenue. The Jets, as Scott tells it, once tried to trademark that nickname, Revis Island. (Revis ultimately secured the trademark himself.) “He works leverage better than anybody,” Scott says. “He reminds me of Deion Sanders. I played with Deion. He was a hired assassin. Revis is the same. Owners may take it personally. Fans may take it personally. They think we’re all supposed to be big, dumb brutes.”

Revis hesitates in even addressing all this because





it obscures what makes him so valuable in the first place. He's a true cover corner—arguably the best today—in an era when rule changes have favored receivers more than ever. By shutting down one wideout, or one side of the field, he lends flexibility to the rest of any defense.

Every team worries about how its players will respond when they sign big contracts. When healthy, Revis has responded with Pro Bowls and, last year, a Super Bowl. He's the same guy that linebacker David Harris remembers from their rookie season together with the Jets. The guy who nearly came to blows with an undrafted free-agent receiver because the wideout, who had yet to learn the offense, had run the wrong route, and Revis wanted to practice against the *right* one. "Best in the game," Harris says.

Back on the High Line, Revis reiterates his stance. He can think about money and think about football separately. Those concepts are not mutually exclusive. "Money is not the focal point," he says. "People get it misconstrued because of what I've done [with contracts]. I think this is my fifth deal. Fifth or sixth. I don't know—one of them. I done lost count."

ABOUT TWO DOZEN teams reached out after Revis became available this off-season, including the Chiefs, Packers, Ravens and Steelers. The Revis Mafia gathered in Florida, at Schwartz's condo above the Atlantic, to finalize a deal not with a new team but with an old one—the Jets. This deal was, in large part, about the money (the Jets did finish 4–12 last season), plus long-term security and a return to New York.

The Jets' manager of football administration, Jacqueline Davidson, put together the latest agreement, her third with Revis. They went over the parameters on a conference call, and

before it ended, Davidson asked, "This is it, right?"

"I know you guys," she said, and everyone laughed.

"We're coming home," Gilbert responded.

The group celebrated with pasta, seafood and wine at a nearby restaurant. The Jets sent a private plane the next day, and Revis flew to New Jersey, where he set up temporary residence in the Hyatt near the team's facility. Among the first people he saw when he arrived was Juan the janitor. "I hit Juan with the *Hola* and kept moving," he says.

The Jets made the average yearly salary of Revis's contract \$14,024,212—24 for his jersey number, 212 for Manhattan's area code. And with that, Revis once again became the highest-paid cornerback in professional football.

Teammates welcomed Revis to the locker room as if he'd never left. Center Nick Mangold chided him for the car that he believes Revis owes him (long story). Harris wrapped him in a bear hug. Revis thought back to his

conversation with Tannenbaum, who is now the executive VP of football operations for the Dolphins, and the promise he made in 2007.

No one seemed happier, though, than Todd Bowles, the Jets' new coach. The defensive guru entered free agency hoping to overhaul his secondary, and he added three corners—Revis, Antonio Cromartie and Buster Skrine—to a unit that allowed 31 passing TDs last season, third worst in the NFL. Together they'll anchor a formidable D on what looks like a borderline playoff team.

For Revis, it's all football now. "Look," he says, "if you caught a pass on me right now, I'd rip your shirt up. It's like that. I'm passionate. I want to win. Don't get it twisted. I'm with a new team now, and I'm back home, where I belong. All the negotiations and the other crazy stuff is behind me."

In May, Revis returns to Times Square. This time he is in uniform. This time he does not go unnoticed. A superhero with Super Bowl aspirations, he strides past barricades, policemen and red tape, into an area cordoned off for a photo shoot. He's just like Namath from 50 years ago, when Namath posed beneath the neon lights with a Jets helmet underneath his arm. Teammates placed that iconic *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* cover around the locker room to tease the 22-year-old QB. One player even called him Broadway—Broadway Joe. The name stuck.

Revis mimics the same pose. "When I retire, I'm going to be a ghost," he says. "I won't ride off in a convertible, because I don't have no hair. But I'll ride off into the sunset."

On the set, Namath's daughter Jessica and Revis's mother check in with the original Broadway Joe on Skype. Revis stands behind them. The photographer aims his camera. A double-decker bus honks. "Welcome back, Darrelle!" the driver says into the microphone.

Everything is different, and yet some things never change. Revis may be the best defensive back in football, he may be the best negotiator in team sports—but he remains beholden to the first and most important team he ever played for.

"You look nice, Darrelle," his mother says. "But smile. Show those teeth."

"Mom?!" Revis responds. "Get out of here."

They both laugh. In the background, a man holds aloft a sign: JESUS LOVES YOU—REPENT. Cops on horses pull close for a better view. A group of teenagers offers Revis a slice of cake. There's no Minnie Mouse in sight, but it's chaotic and surreal, and that's what Revis wanted. To come home.

It's harder to put a price on that. □



Tiger's Abyss

→ BY ALAN SHIPNUCK

FOR A MINUTE there, it was easy to forget. In the golden twilight last Saturday at St. Andrews, Tiger Woods was making what he calls “the greatest walk in golf”—up the 18th fairway of the Old Course, through an amphitheater of towering bleachers and ancient buildings, their balconies packed with fans anachronistically clutching binoculars. The crowd was roaring for Woods, who at the 356-yard home hole had driven his ball onto the green before it trickled back off the front edge. Saturdays used to belong to Tiger; it was when he built the leads that staked him to 14 major championships. Back then he played in a bubble of his own making, but now he was soaking in the scene, gesturing to the gallery. Woods sent his eagle try racing toward the hole, and a couple of feet out raised his putter triumphantly. But the ball skittered six feet by, and he missed the comebacker. Just like that, we were back in the glum present.

Woods wasn't looking to extend a lead but merely punching the clock on a weather-delayed second round. Seven over par heading into his final hole, he wasn't even close to the cut line. But the letdown at the last underscored that even when nothing is at stake, Woods can no longer summon the slightest flair for the dramatic. Trudging off the green—to polite, almost embarrassed applause—he looked more broken than at any time during this woebegone season. The chip-yipped 82 at Phoenix was shocking, the 85 at Memorial alarming and the 80 at the U.S. Open depressing, but this felt like a requiem. The Old Course is Woods's favorite track in the world, and in his previous start, at the Greenbrier, he had his best ball-striking week in two years. Said a subdued Tiger on Saturday night, “I felt like I was playing well enough to win this event.”

This Open at the Old Course was always going to be a measure of how far Woods has fallen. In 2000 he won there during the most dominant season in golf history. He won again in '05, by five, for his 10th major title, and Woods was making history with seemingly every swing. In '10, still reeling from the fallout of his tabloid-fueled sex scandal, he finished tied for 23rd. Woods won five Tour events in '13 and seemed to be building toward bigger things, but that now looks like a

Once an
artist,
Woods
has
turned
into a mad
scientist,
laboring to
master the
fifth swing
of his pro
career.

last gasp. He's winless since then and has become a nonfactor at the majors. Last week's 76–75 left him tied for 147th in a field of 156. Woods's tournament was over essentially 15 minutes into the opening round. After striking it beautifully on the range, he chunked a 3-iron off the 1st tee, then duffed an 8-iron into the burn. It was the seventh time in his eight tournaments this year that he started with a bogey. Maybe the most imperious golfer ever has developed stage fright.

Where does he go from here? Woods said on Saturday night that he would consult a launch monitor to check his spin rates in hopes of better understanding why he struggled in the wind. Once an artist, he has turned into a mad scientist, laboring to master the fifth swing of his pro career. Two of them have come since his fall from grace as he has desperately sought reinvention. When Woods owned the game, he had a deep sense of entitlement; in his mind he *deserved* to win simply because he was Tiger Woods. All that was stripped away in the tawdriest scandal of the media age. No wonder he has been looking for swing clues by watching video of his teenaged self—this divorced father of two is still trying to figure out who he is, on and off the golf course.

Woods, 39, has time to turn things around; Jack Nicklaus won the U.S. Open and the PGA Championship at 40, to say nothing of the Masters at 46. But Nicklaus's life and his game were always grounded in stability, with only his motivation coming and going.

Among the seven players Woods beat last week were Sir Nick Faldo, 58, playing his final Open at the Old Course, and Tom Watson, 65, who said goodbye to his favorite tournament after 38 years. Hard to believe that Woods has joined their ranks as nothing more than a ceremonial golfer. □



Will Tiger Woods win another major title?

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